MARVEL

MYSTER

COMICS

NO. 70

MARCH

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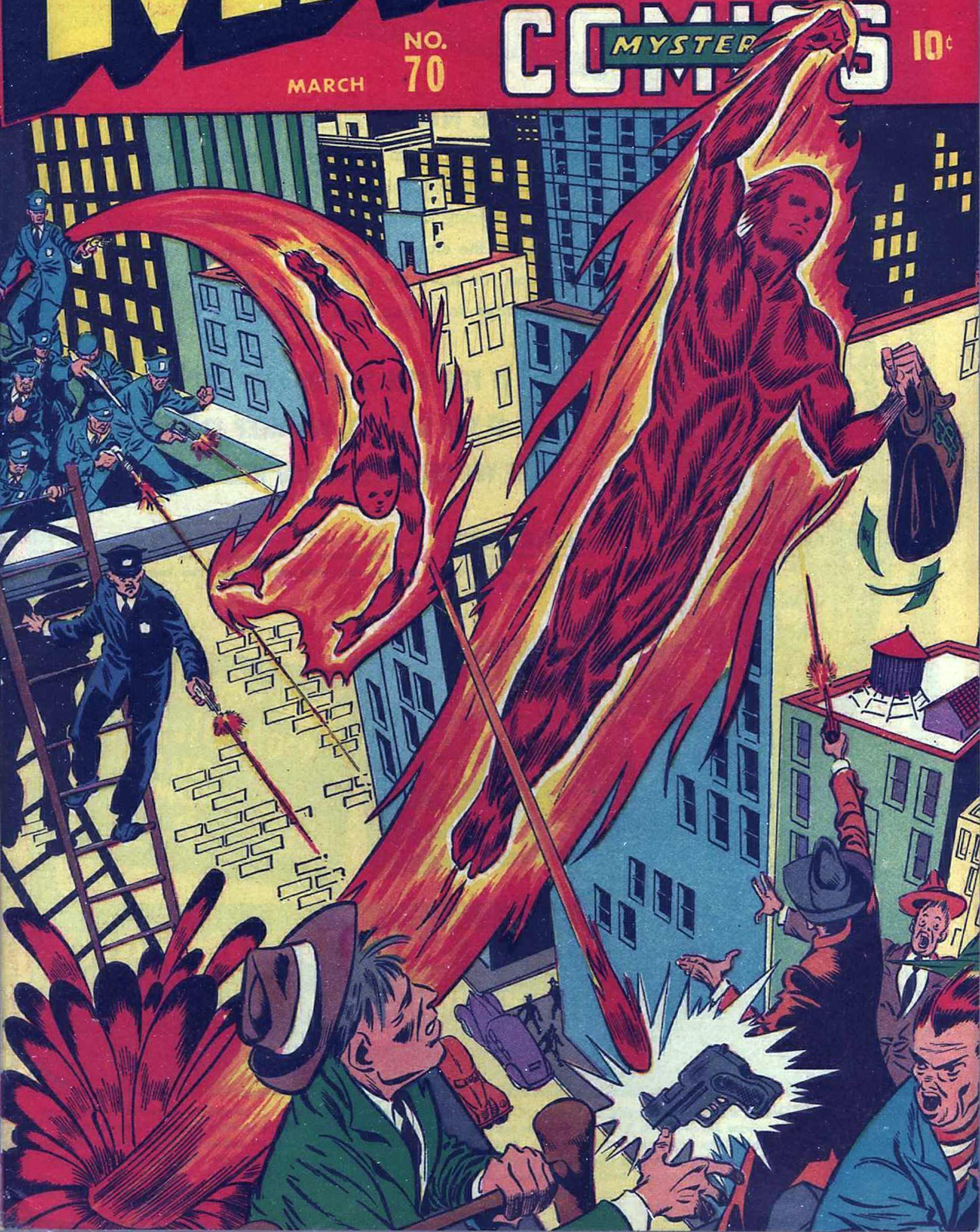
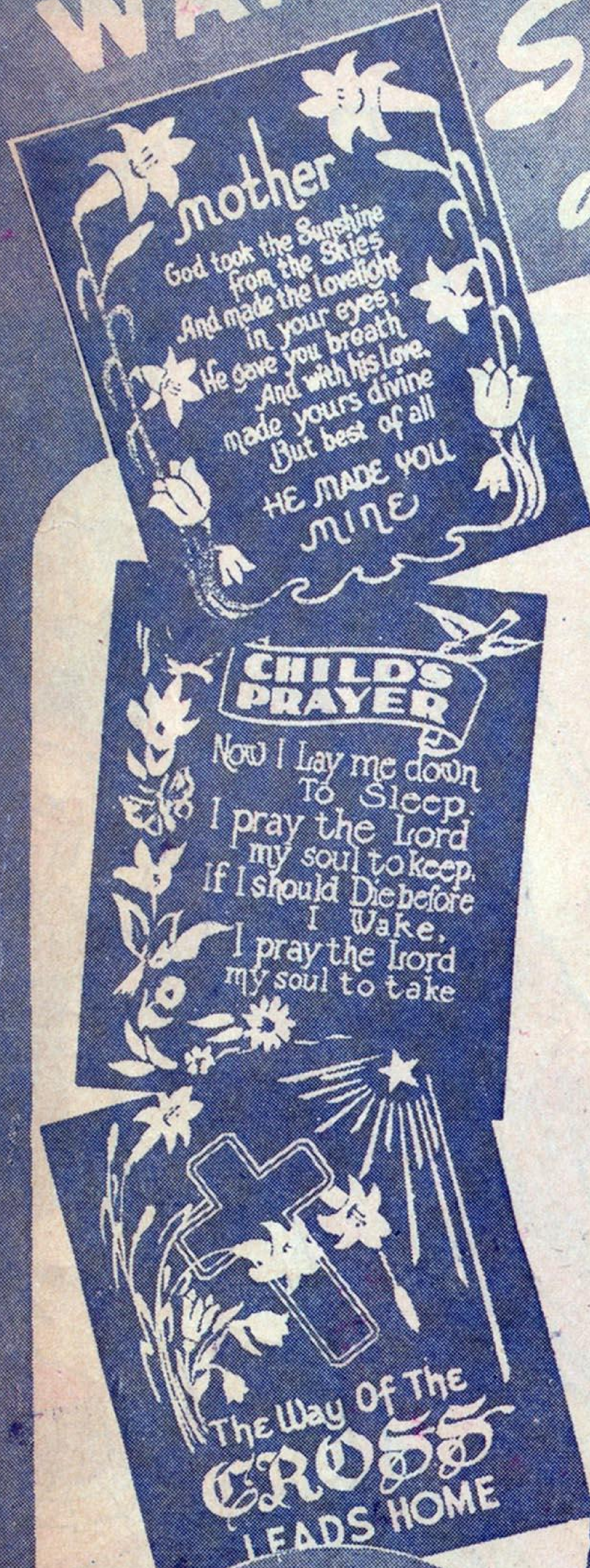


DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes


mother
God took the Sunshine
from the Skies
And made the lovelight
in your eyes;
He gave you breath
And with his love,
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU
MINE
CHILD'S PRAYER
Now I lay me down
To Sleep.
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep.
If I should Die before
I Wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take
The Way Of The
CROSS
LEADS HOME

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP $2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP $3.00

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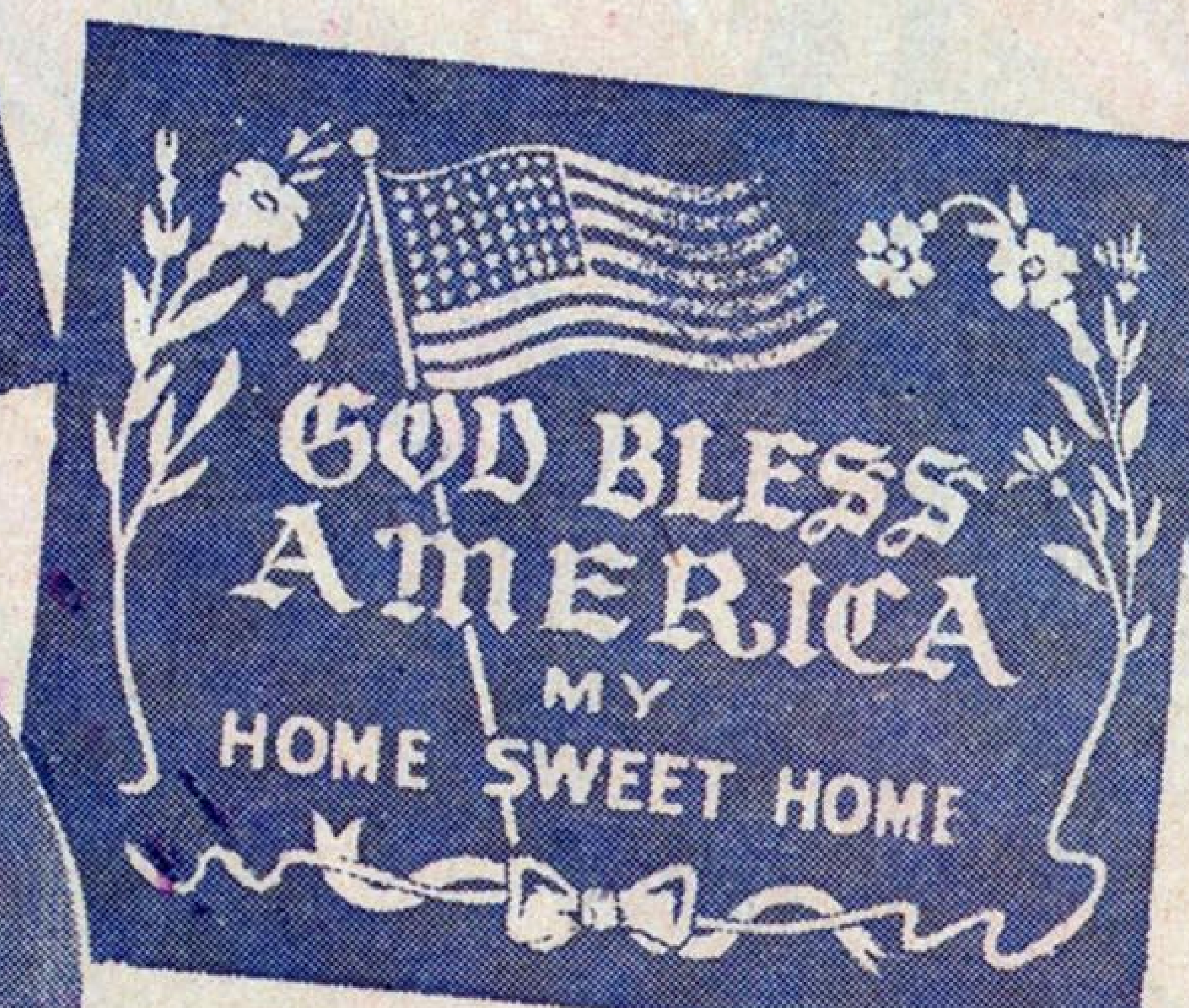
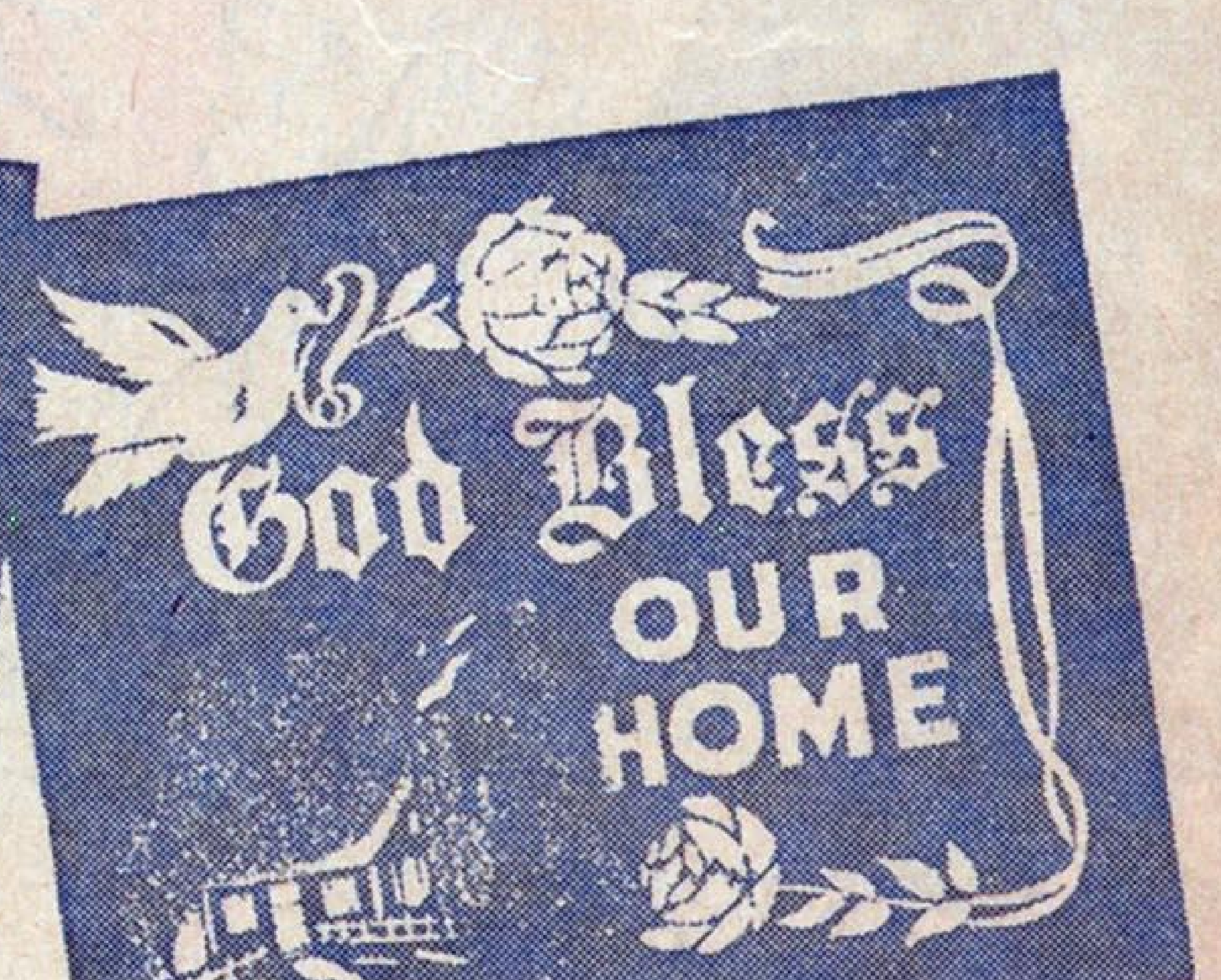
REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.


GOD BLESS
AMERICA
MY
HOME SWEET HOME


God Bless
OUR
HOME

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

CREDIT SALES COMPANY

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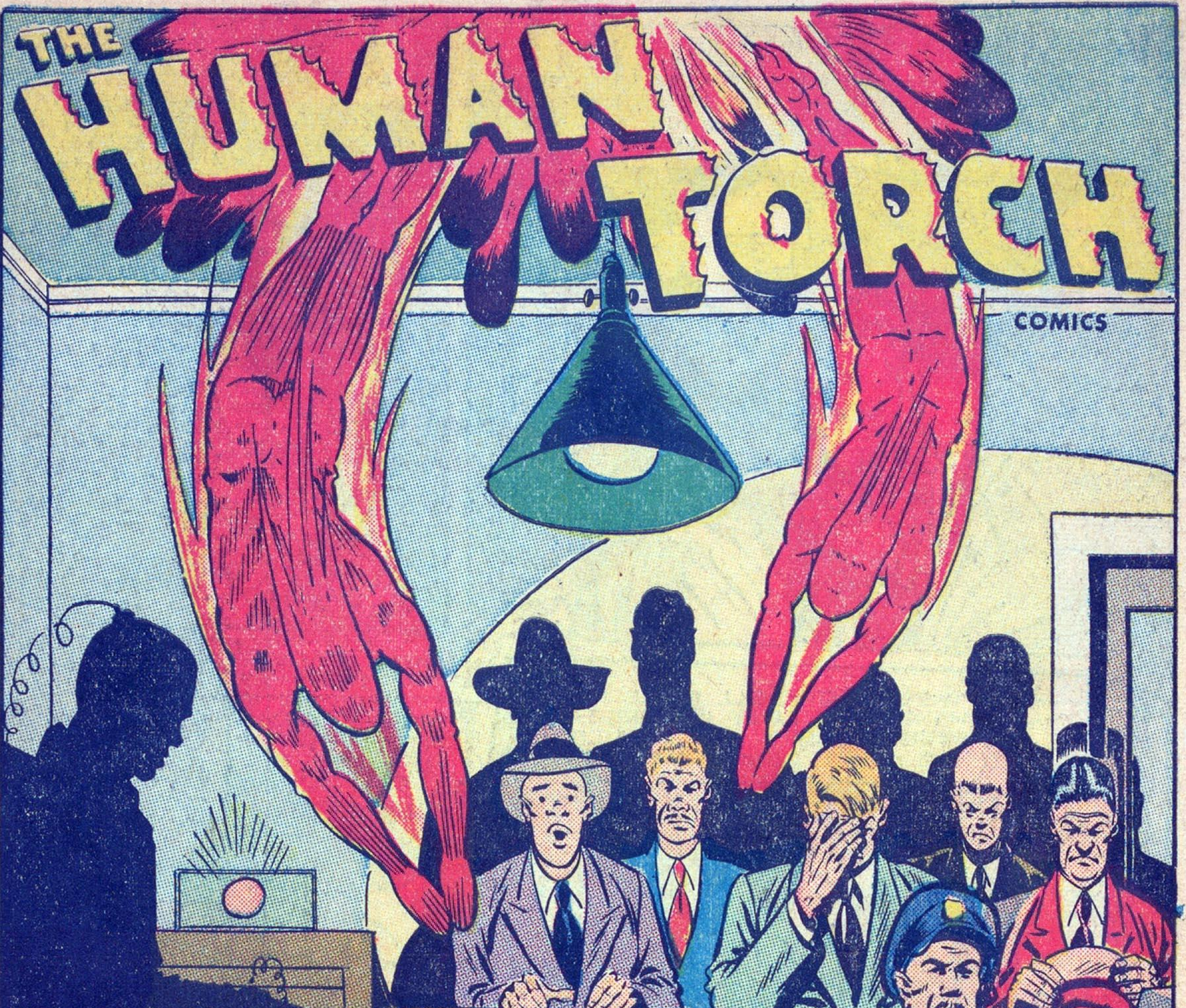


THE HUGE, GREY WALLS OF A PRISON LOOM FORBIDDINGLY IN THE DARKNESS! SUDDENLY THERE'S A WAIL OF SIRENS, THE SEARCHLIGHTS FLASH ON AND GUARDS DASH MADLY ABOUT IN THE SHADOWS... A PRISONER HAS ESCAPED! WHAT--THINGS LIKE THAT HAPPEN ALL THE TIME, YOU SAY? TRUE--BUT HERE'S **ONE** CASE THAT'S DIFFERENT! FOR **TORCH** AND **TORO**, THE TWO PEOPLE YOU'D THINK WOULD BE MOST ANXIOUS TO BRING THE JAILBIRD TO JUSTICE, ACTUALLY GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO **HELP** HIM! IT ALL SOUNDS VERY CONFUSING, WE KNOW, BUT READ ON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN.... **THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED FELON!**

INSIDE THE WALLS OF SAN MARTINE STATE PRISON, PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!
THERE HE IS...SHOOT!
DON'T WORRY-- I WON'T MISS HIM!
CAN'T LET 'EM CATCH ME... I'VE GOTTA.... UGH.. MY SHOULDER!
BANG!
BUT, TWISTING AND TURNING LIKE A CORNERED BEAST, THE CONVICT SHAKES OFF HIS PURSUERS AND STAGGERS TOWARDS THE CITY..
THESE CLOTHES'LL COME IN HANDY--AT LAST I'M FREE-- FREE TO SEEK THE JUSTICE THE COURT DENIED ME!
LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE METROPOLIS!
TORCH, LOOK AT THAT MAN! HE MUST BE DRUNK!
FOR HIS SAKE I HOPE NOT-- THAT'S THE CITY PROSECUTOR'S HOUSE HE'S GOING INTO!
GOOD LORD... WHAT WAS THAT?
AIEEEE
THERE'S THE MAN WE SAW BEFORE, RUNNING AWAY FROM THE PROSECUTOR'S HOUSE!
SOMETHING MUST'VE FRIGHTENED HIM! QUICK--LET'S SEE WHAT IT WAS!

SHORT SECONDS LATER, INSIDE THE HOUSE..
GREAT SCOTT! THE PROSECUTOR'S BEEN MURDERED! THAT MAN WE SAW MUST'VE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT... **LET'S GET HIM!**
HE COULDN'T BE VERY FAR!
THERE HE IS'!
THE TORCH!
VOT FOR BROW
BL M
OKAY, MISTER! THE PROSECUTOR'S BEEN MURDERED AND YOU WERE JUST SEEN LEAVING HIS HOUSE-- WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
BUT I DIDN'T DO IT-- HE WAS DEAD WHEN I GOT THERE! THAT SCREAM YOU HEARD WAS ME!

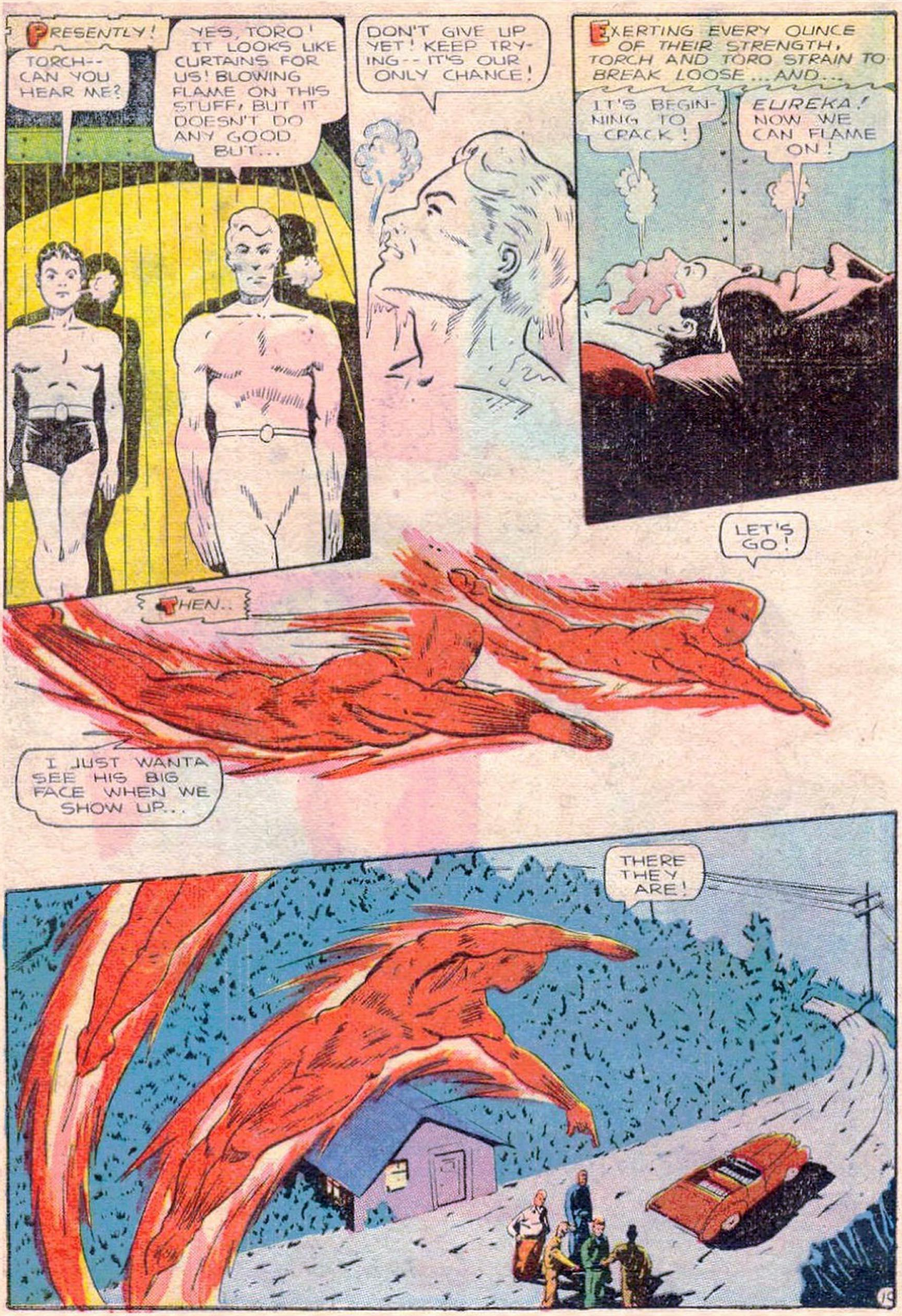
MY NAME'S WALT NEILSON! A YEAR AGO THAT SELF-SAME PROSECUTOR HAD ME SENT TO JAIL FOR A CRIME I SWEAR I DIDN'T COMMIT!
I WENT THERE TONIGHT TO TRY AND MAKE HIM GIVE ME A NEW TRIAL--HE HAS ALL THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE! BUT I DIDN'T MURDER HIM!
SORRY, NEILSON, BUT THIS IS A JOB FOR THE POLICE!
LATER, DOWN AT THE CITY JAIL!
NICE WORK, TORCH! YOU'VE NABBED NOT ONLY A MURDERER BUT AN ESCAPED CONVICT AS WELL! WE GOT THE ALARM FROM THE STATE PRISON A LITTLE WHILE AGO!
IF NEILSON'S GOT ANY RELATIVES, I'D ADVISE YOU TO NOTIFY THEM IMMEDIATELY--HE'LL NEED ALL THE HELP HE CAN GET!
WE'VE DONE THAT ALREADY--- THEY'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
PRESENTLY..
HERE'S YOUR UNCLE, NEILSON, AND HE'S BROUGHT A LAWYER WITH HIM! THEY WANT TO HELP YOU, IF YOU LET 'EM!

YOU'RE IN A JAM, WALT! THE BEST THING TO DO IS PLEAD GUILTY AND THROW YOURSELF ON THE MERCY OF THE COURT!
MR. RANKIN'S RIGHT! YOU MIGHT EVEN PLEAD TEMPORARY INSANITY--THAT'LL SAVE YOU FROM THE CHAIR AT LEAST!
SUDDENLY, WALT NEILSON LEAPS TOWARDS THE CELL DOOR.
YOU DIRTY RATS! THAT'S THE SAME THING YOU TOLD ME BEFORE! YOU KNEW I NEVER STOLE THAT MONEY FROM THE BANK!
YOU WERE ONE OF THE BANK DIRECTORS--YOU COULD'VE TESTIFIED TO MY INNOCENCE! WHY DIDN'T YOU? WHY...
JUST A MINUTE, NEILSON! EITHER YOU'RE INNOCENT OR YOU'RE A MAGNIFICENT **ACTOR!** I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE BANK BUSINESS BUT I KNOW A WAY TO CHECK UP ON THE PROSECUTOR'S MURDER.
WHAAA..?
IF YOU COMMITTED THE MURDER, THERE SHOULD BE BLOODSTAINS RIGHT IN THE ROOM WHERE THE KILLING OCCURRED. THAT WOUND IN YOUR SHOULDER WAS BLEEDING PLENTY, YOU KNOW!
LATER...
D'YOU THINK YOU HIT ON SOMETHING, TORCH?
I DON'T KNOW BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

WE'RE ALMOST THERE! FUNNY THERE'S NO COP AROUND ON GUARD!
THEY PROBABLY FIGURED IT WAS A CUT-AND-DRIED CASE WHEN WE BROUGHT IN NEILSON.
MEANWHILE!
HELLO, LEFTY--GET THIS AND GET IT QUICK! TORCH AND TORO ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE PROSECUTOR'S HOME... THEY'VE GOT AN IDEA MY NEPHEW MAY BE INNOCENT, SO LISTEN....
OKAY, BOSS, I GOTCHA! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM!
AND AT THE DEAD MAN'S HOME.
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? NEILSON WAS TELLING THE TRUTH! THE ONLY BLOOD STAINS HERE ARE THE PROSECUTOR'S!
WHERE TO NOW, TORCH?
BACK TO THE JAIL AND TELL THE POLICE WHAT WE DISCOVERED! IT'LL CLEAR NEILSON OF A MURDER RAP, ANYWAY!
QUIET! HERE THEY COME NOW!

ABRUPTLY!
OKAY, WISEGUYS, WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE TAKE CARE OF SNOOPERS!
TORO.. LOOK OUT!
BUT THE WARNING COMES TOO LATE--AND AS TORCH FLAMES AWAY OUT OF DANGER...
THIS TAKES CARE OF ONE OF 'EM!
UGH!
I DON'T KNOW WHO PUT THOSE LUGS UP TO IT, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET TORO FREE...
OOOWW...
YOU RATS ASKED FOR IT... AND NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT!
AS LONG AS TORO'S UNCONSCIOUS I CAN'T RISK HURTING HIM! IF I FLAME OFF MAYBE THEY'LL RELEASE HIM AND MAKE FOR ME!

AND SO..
HERE THEY COME! IF I COULD ONLY HOLD 'EM OFF TILL TORO COMES TO.
THE THUGS ATTACK AND...
T'ANKS FOR FLAMIN' OFF, TORCH!
YOU GUYS TAKE 'EM DOWN TO THAT COLD STORAGE VAULT AT THE WATERFRONT! I'LL FOLLOW YOU AS SOON AS I DESTROY THE EVIDENCE INSIDE!
OKAY!
U.S. MAIL
WHAT A CINCH! THE COPS'LL THINK TORCH FELT SORRY FOR NEILSON AND SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE SO'S THEY COULDN'T PIN ANYTHING ON HIM!
MEANWHILE..
START SPRAYIN' THEM WITH THE "SNOW"! THE FIREMEN USE IT TO PUT OUT FIRES, AND THERE'S NO REASON WE CAN'T DO THE SAME!

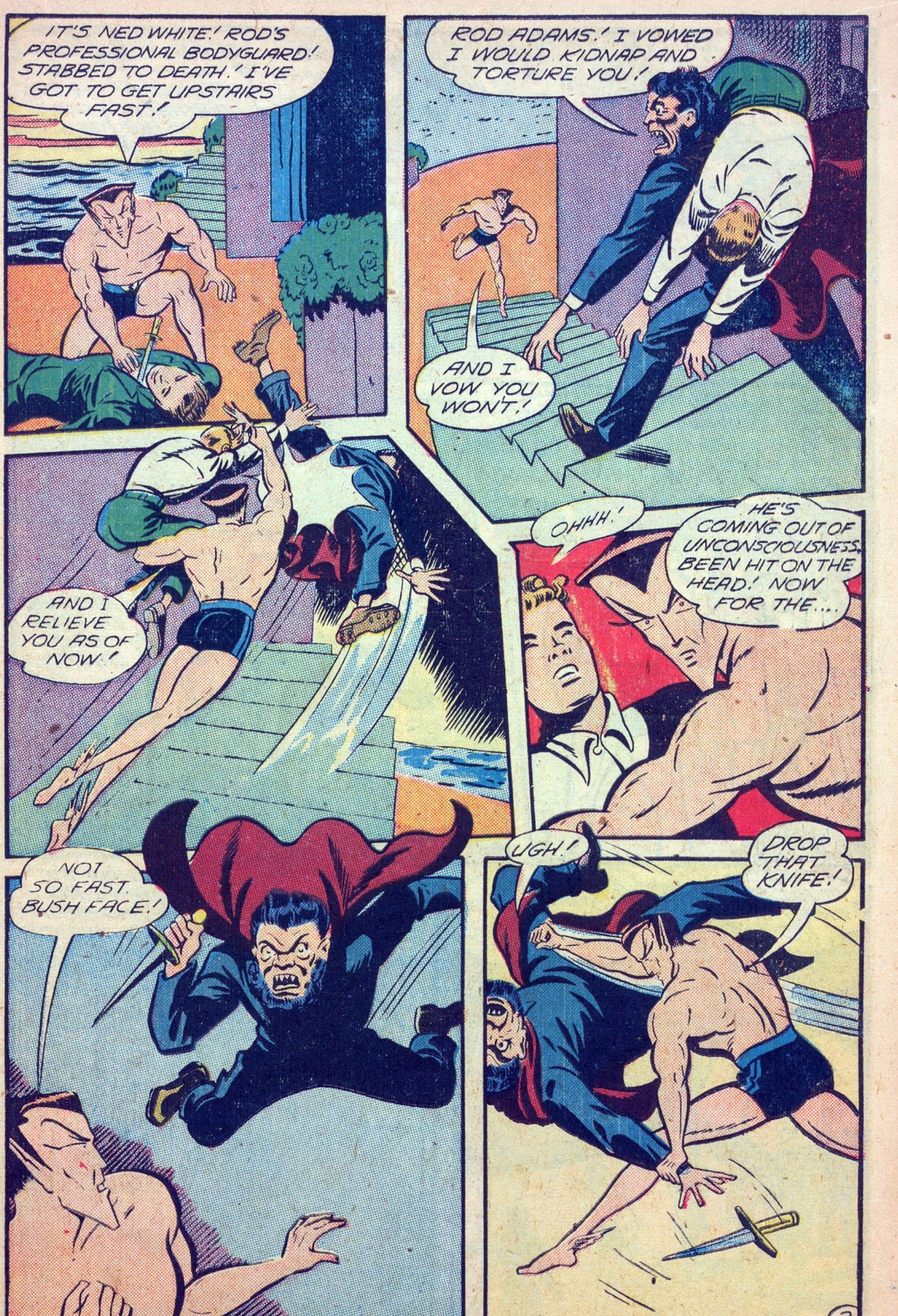

PRESENTLY!
TORCH-- CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YES, TORO! IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR US! BLOWING FLAME ON THIS STUFF, BUT IT DOESN'T DO ANY GOOD BUT...
DON'T GIVE UP YET! KEEP TRYING-- IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
EXERTING EVERY OUNCE OF THEIR STRENGTH, TORCH AND TORO STRAIN TO BREAK LOOSE... AND...
IT'S BEGINNING TO CRACK!
EUREKA! NOW WE CAN FLAME ON!
LET'S GO!
THEN..
I JUST WANTA SEE HIS BIG FACE WHEN WE SHOW UP..
THERE THEY ARE!

WHAA.... I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!
CATCH... CHUMP!
HOW DID THEY GET LOOSE?
MEANWHILE, RANKIN...
IF THEY CATCH ME NOW, IT'LL MEAN THE CHAIR!
THE COPS'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE LUGS!
RANKIN'S DRIVING OFF IN HIS CAR.
THERE HE IS!

THEY'VE SPOTTED ME! WHAT'LL I DO... WHAT'LL I DO?
IT'S NO USE, RANKIN! STOP THE CAR...WE'VE GOT YOU!
BUT RANKIN, PARALYZED WITH FEAR, LOSES CONTROL OF THE CAR... SWERVES. AND...
CRASH!
HE'S DEAD!
MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL, TORO--IN THAT WAY HE SAVED THE STATE TIME AND MONEY!
THAT'S RIGHT! AND AFTER WE GIVE THE POLICE THE WHOLE STORY, I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE LONG BEFORE WALT NEILSON'S A FREE MAN AGAIN!
LET'S GO TELL 'EM RIGHT A-WAY, HUH?
THE END

SUB-MARINER
SOMEWHERE IN THE BLACKNESS OF NIGHT A KILLER STALKS AND A DOOMED MAN WAITS AS DEATH NEARS. RUTHLESSLY, INEXORABLY, DIABOLICALLY CUNNING IS THIS MAN WHO BRINGS MURDER...BUT DARING AND KEEN IS HIS MIGHTY OPPONENT THE PRINCE OF CRIME-SMASHERS, SUB-MARINER WHO PLUNGES IN, IN A FEARLESS FASHION TO STOP
A "MADMAN'S RAMPAGE!"
R-166

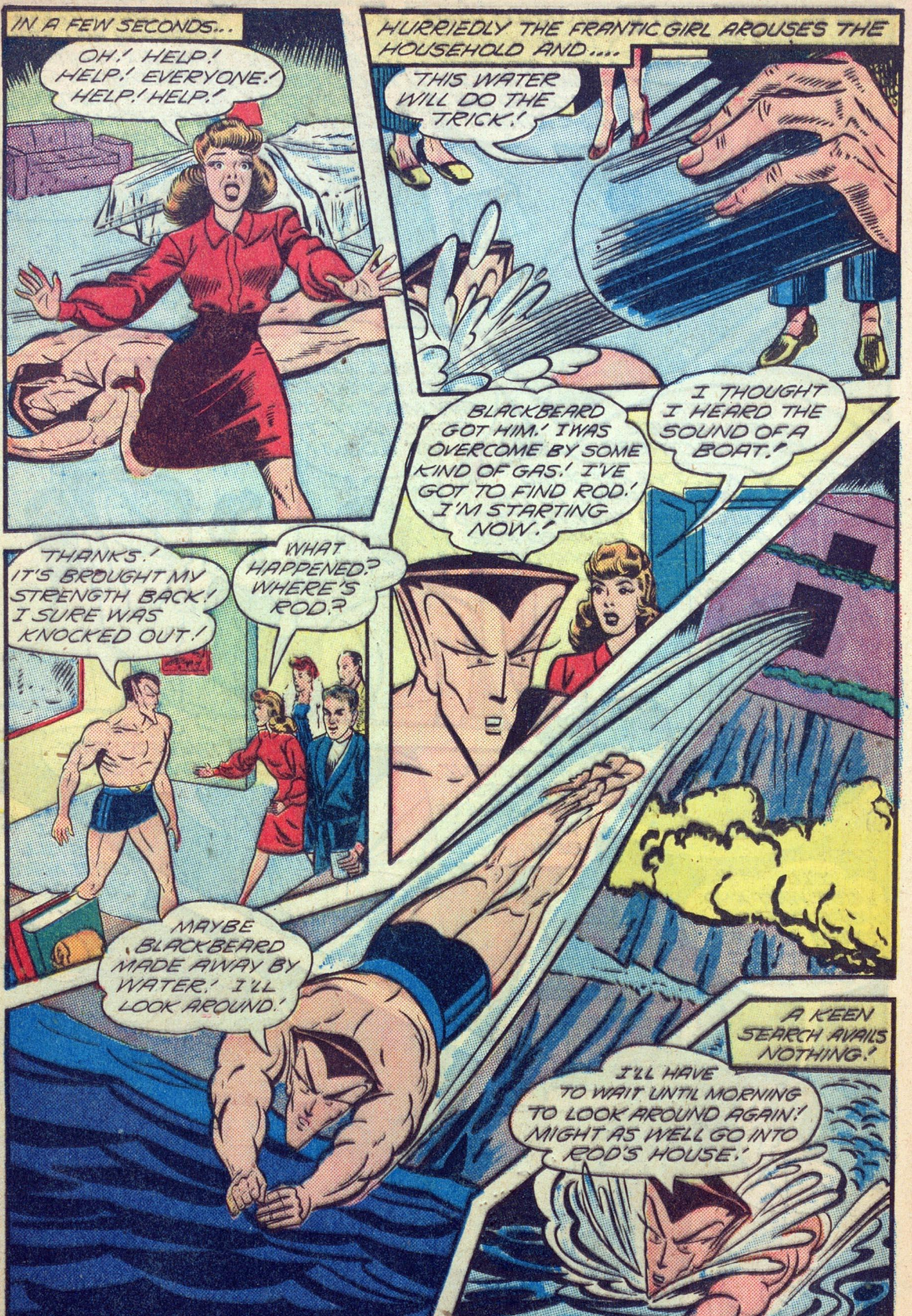
EXTRA! EXTRA!! KILLER BLACKBEARD ESCAPES INSANE ASYLUM!!
PAPER, BOY!
LIFE OF YOUNG MILLIONAIRE IN DANGER! RODNEY ADAMS HIRES BODY GUARD
BOSTON
I REMEMBER THIS CASE! ROD WAS CHIEF WITNESS AGAINST HIM! AT THE TIME "BLACKBEARD" WAS COMMITTED TO THE ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE, HE THREATENED TO ONE DAY GET RODNEY!
I'LL SWIM TO THE ADAMS' PLACE AND SEE IF EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT! IT'S NOT FAR UP THE SHORE!
THIS IS IT! SURE IS A MODERNISTIC PLACE... MMM! SEEMS PEACEFUL ENOUGH!
BUT SUDDENLY!
THAT MAN! WALLOPING WHALES!


IT'S NED WHITE! ROD'S PROFESSIONAL BODYGUARD! STABBED TO DEATH! I'VE GOT TO GET UPSTAIRS FAST!
ROD ADAMS! I VOWED I WOULD KIDNAP AND TORTURE YOU!
AND I VOW YOU WON'T!
AND I RELIEVE YOU AS OF NOW!
OHHH!
HE'S COMING OUT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS.. BEEN HIT ON THE HEAD! NOW FOR THE...
NOT SO FAST, BUSH FACE!
UGH!
DROP THAT KNIFE!

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! BUT I'LL BE BACK AGAIN!
RODNEY QUICKLY REVIVES......
ROD, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT HAPPENED? WE HEARD A COMMOTION!
BLACKBEARD STRUCK ME DOWN. THEN SOMEONE CAME TO THE RESCUE!
SUB-MARINER! IT MUST HAVE BEEN YOU WHO SAVED ME! BUT WHERE'S MY BODYGUARD?
MURDERED BY BLACKBEARD! WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
THIS IS MY FIANCÉE, HELEN, AND MY AUNT MATILDA!
I'M ROD'S COUSIN, STAN, IF IT'S YOUR BUSINESS!
OF COURSE IT'S HIS BUSINESS! I'M ROLLO, ROD'S LAWYER!
THIS IS ALL SO FRIGHTENING!
BLACKBEARD WILL STRIKE AGAIN TONIGHT! I FEEL IT IN MY BONES!
HMM! AS MODERNISTIC AS THE OUTSIDE!
YES, HALF THE ROOMS HAVE NO WINDOWS AND ARE AIR CONDITIONED...THE LESS WINDOWS THE BETTER, WITH BLACKBEARD ON THE LOOSE!

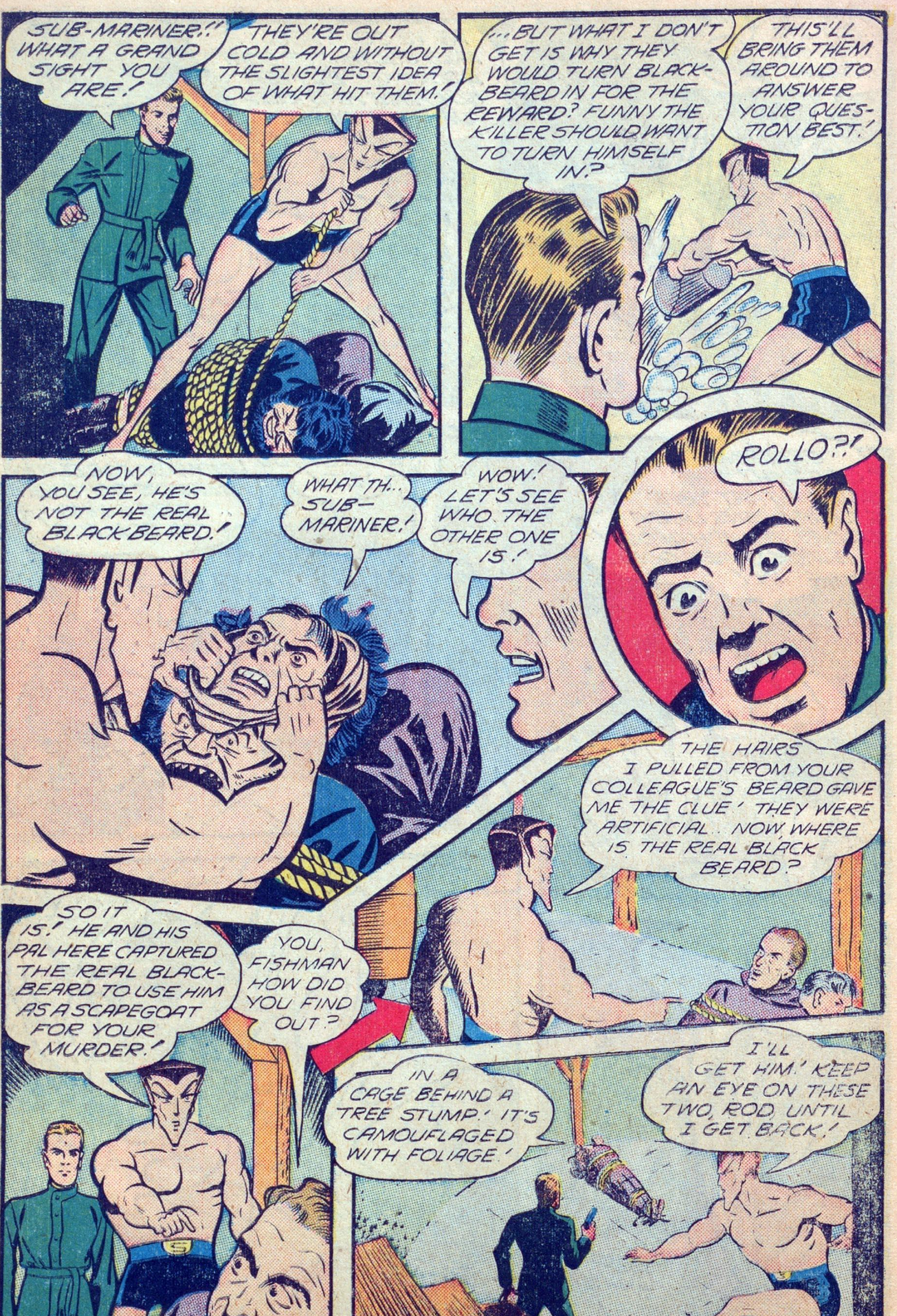
FROM NOW ON I SLEEP IN A WINDOWLESS ROOM.... AS IF I CAN SLEEP TONIGHT!
RELAX AND GET SOME REST! I'LL STAND GUARD!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
IT'S GETTING LATE! I'M HITTING THE BED!
ME TOO!
SO WILL I! DEAR ME! I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS, BUT I HAVE A FEELING!
DOORS SHUT TIGHT AS THE FEARFUL FIVE RETIRE TO THEIR ROOMS....
YOU'LL BE SAFE! I WON'T BUDGE FROM HERE!
THANKS, SUB-MARINER! I FEEL SAFER ALREADY! GOOD NIGHT!
THE HOUSE IS STILLED WITH SLUMBER ...TIME TICKS BY....
ROD'S ASLEEP! IF BLACKBEARD COMES TO STRIKE... WELL, I HOPE HE DOES! THE NIGHT IS LONG!
IN THE BASEMENT, MOVING STEALTHILY...
HA, HA, SUB-MARINER WAITS FOR ME, BUT I CAN PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY WITH THIS ODORLESS SLEEPING GAS!
SOON HANDS ARE BUSY CRAFTILY, SILENTLY.
NOW TO ATTACH THE OTHER END OF THE HOSE TO THE VENTILATOR PUMP... THEN TO PUMP THE GAS THROUGH AND INTO ROD'S ROOM... HA, HA, FISHMAN WILL SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP TIGHT!
IN A FEW MINUTES...
I'M GETTING A BIT SLEEPY! THAT CAN'T BE! I'LL JUST SIT DOWN A WHILE! MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I NEED!

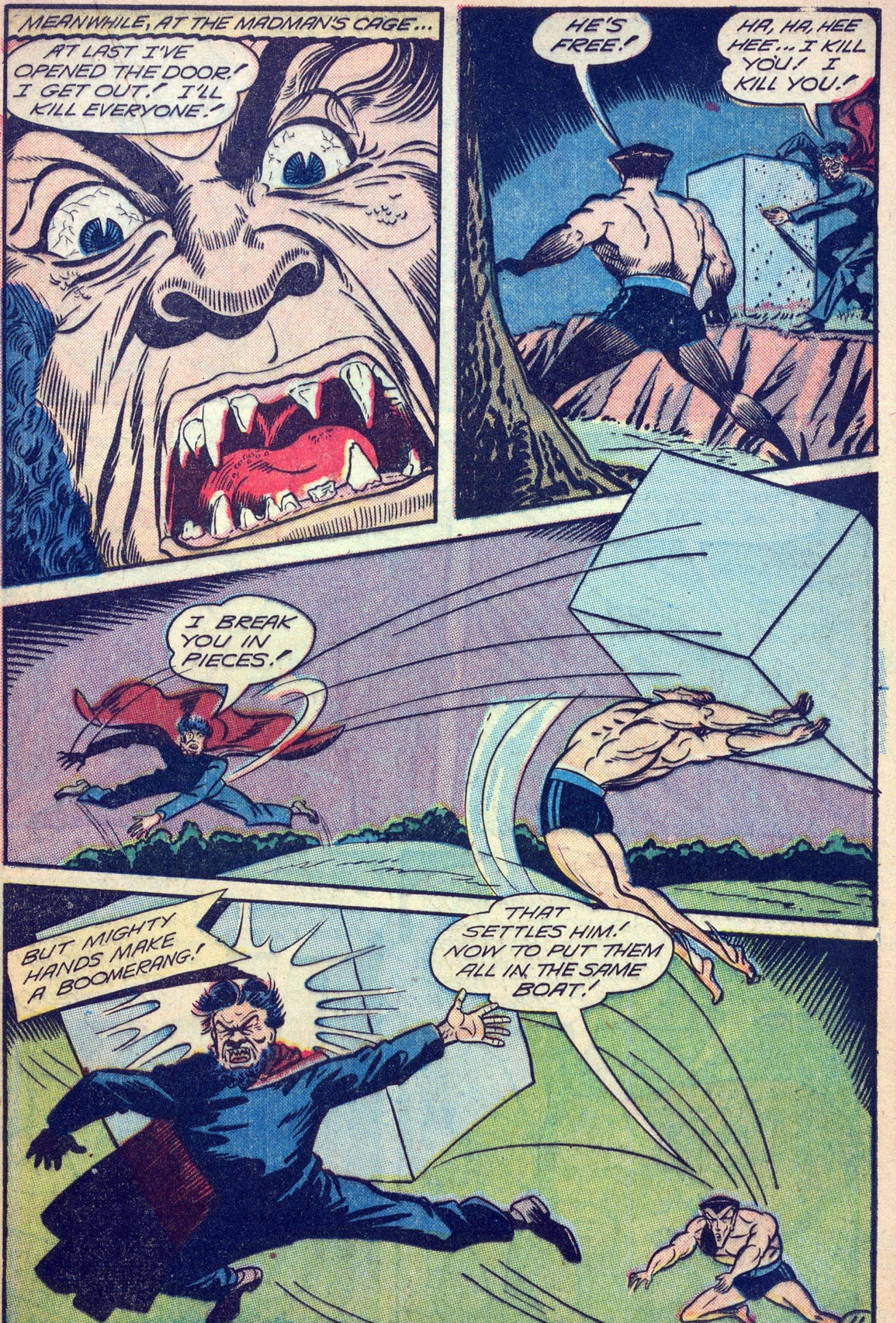
BUT THE DROWSINESS IS DOMINATING AND...
AHH! THEY'RE BOTH OUT! THIS TIME I'LL NOT FAIL!
MEANWHILE, A GUST OF WIND SWIRLS THE HOUSE FORCING OPEN THE WINDOWS OF THE HALLWAY....
AND AS THE BLACKBEARD OPENS THE DOOR TO MAKE HIS GETAWAY, THE BREEZE SWIFTLY REACHES PRINCE NAMOR AND....
BLAST IT! THE FRESH AIR IS AWAKENING SUB-MARINER!
UHH... OHHH!
THE VALIANT SEA PRINCE STUMBLES TO HIS FEET...
NO... Y-YOU... DON'T!
HA, HA, HE'S STILL TOO WEAK.... THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!.. BUT I'D BETTER GET OUT FAST!
MOMENTS LATER, IN HELEN'S ROOM....
I DON'T SEEM TO BE SLEEPY! GUESS IT'S FROM WORRYING ABOUT ROD... ALL I'VE BEEN DOING IS PACING THIS ROOM! I'D BETTER SETTLE MY MIND BY HAVING A LOOK IN ON HIM!


IN A FEW SECONDS...
OH! HELP! HELP! EVERYONE! HELP! HELP!
HURRIEDLY THE FRANTIC GIRL AROUSES THE HOUSEHOLD AND....
THIS WATER WILL DO THE TRICK!
THANKS! IT'S BROUGHT MY STRENGTH BACK! I SURE WAS KNOCKED OUT!
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S ROD?
BLACKBEARD GOT HIM! I WAS OVERCOME BY SOME KIND OF GAS! I'VE GOT TO FIND ROD! I'M STARTING NOW!
I THOUGHT I HEARD THE SOUND OF A BOAT!
MAYBE BLACKBEARD MADE AWAY BY WATER! I'LL LOOK AROUND!
A KEEN SEARCH AVAILS NOTHING!
I'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MORNING TO LOOK AROUND AGAIN! MIGHT AS WELL GO INTO ROD'S HOUSE!

IN A SHORT WHILE...
YOU'VE FOUND SOMETHING?
ONLY SOME HAIRS I GRABBED FROM THAT MADMAN'S BEARD! BUT, SAY! THIS COULD BE IMPORTANT!
SAY, HELEN. WHO OF THE OTHERS HERE WOULD BENEFIT BY ROD'S DEATH?
ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL WILL, STAN AND AUNT MATILDA WOULD BOTH GET HALF THE FORTUNE, THE OTHER HALF WOULD GO TO SOME CHARITY!
LATER, SUB-MARINER JOINS THE OTHERS...
ANY WORD?
NO! I'VE REPORTED THE KIDNAPPING TO THE POLICE AND THEY'VE POSTED A $10,000 REWARD FOR BLACKBEARD'S CAPTURE!
I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FIND THAT MADMAN FOR ANY MONEY! I'M GOING BACK TO MY ROOM!
I'LL RETIRE TOO!
SO LONG, THEN. I'M JOINING THE MAN-HUNT!
I'LL JUST WAIT AND HOPE ONE OF THEM MAKES THE MOVE I SUSPECT!
AFTER TAUT MINUTES, SUB-MARINER'S VIGIL IS REWARDED.
OH, OH, THERE'S SOMEONE NOW!
I STILL CAN'T MAKE OUT WHO IT IS...

..BUT I'M TAGGING ALONG!
WE'VE GONE ABOUT A MILE SOUTH...THE BOAT'S DOCKING! BETTER SURFACE AND KEEP UP WITH "BLACK CAPE!"
CREEPING CAT FISH! THE SIDE OF THAT TREE STUMP OPENS LIKE A DOOR! SOME HIDEOUT! BLACK CAPE'S GOING IN!
BOSS!! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU YET!
THE POLICE HAVE POSTED A $10,000 REWARD FOR BLACKBEARD'S CAPTURE! ..WE'RE GOING TO COLLECT!
WE'LL KILL ROD AND TURN BLACKBEARD IN! EVERYONE'LL THINK HE DID IT!
BUT...


SUB-MARINER!! WHAT A GRAND SIGHT YOU ARE!
THEY'RE OUT COLD AND WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT HIT THEM!
...BUT WHAT I DON'T GET IS WHY THEY WOULD TURN BLACKBEARD IN FOR THE REWARD? FUNNY THE KILLER SHOULD WANT TO TURN HIMSELF IN?
THIS'LL BRING THEM AROUND TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION BEST!
NOW, YOU SEE, HE'S NOT THE REAL BLACKBEARD!
WHAT TH... SUB-MARINER!
WOW! LET'S SEE WHO THE OTHER ONE IS!
ROLLO?!
THE HAIRS I PULLED FROM YOUR COLLEAGUE'S BEARD GAVE ME THE CLUE! THEY WERE ARTIFICIAL. NOW, WHERE IS THE REAL BLACK BEARD?
SO IT IS! HE AND HIS PAL HERE CAPTURED THE REAL BLACKBEARD TO USE HIM AS A SCAPEGOAT FOR YOUR MURDER!
YOU, FISHMAN HOW DID YOU FIND OUT?
IN A CAGE BEHIND A TREE STUMP! IT'S CAMOUFLAGED WITH FOLIAGE!
I'LL GET HIM! KEEP AN EYE ON THESE TWO, ROD, UNTIL I GET BACK!

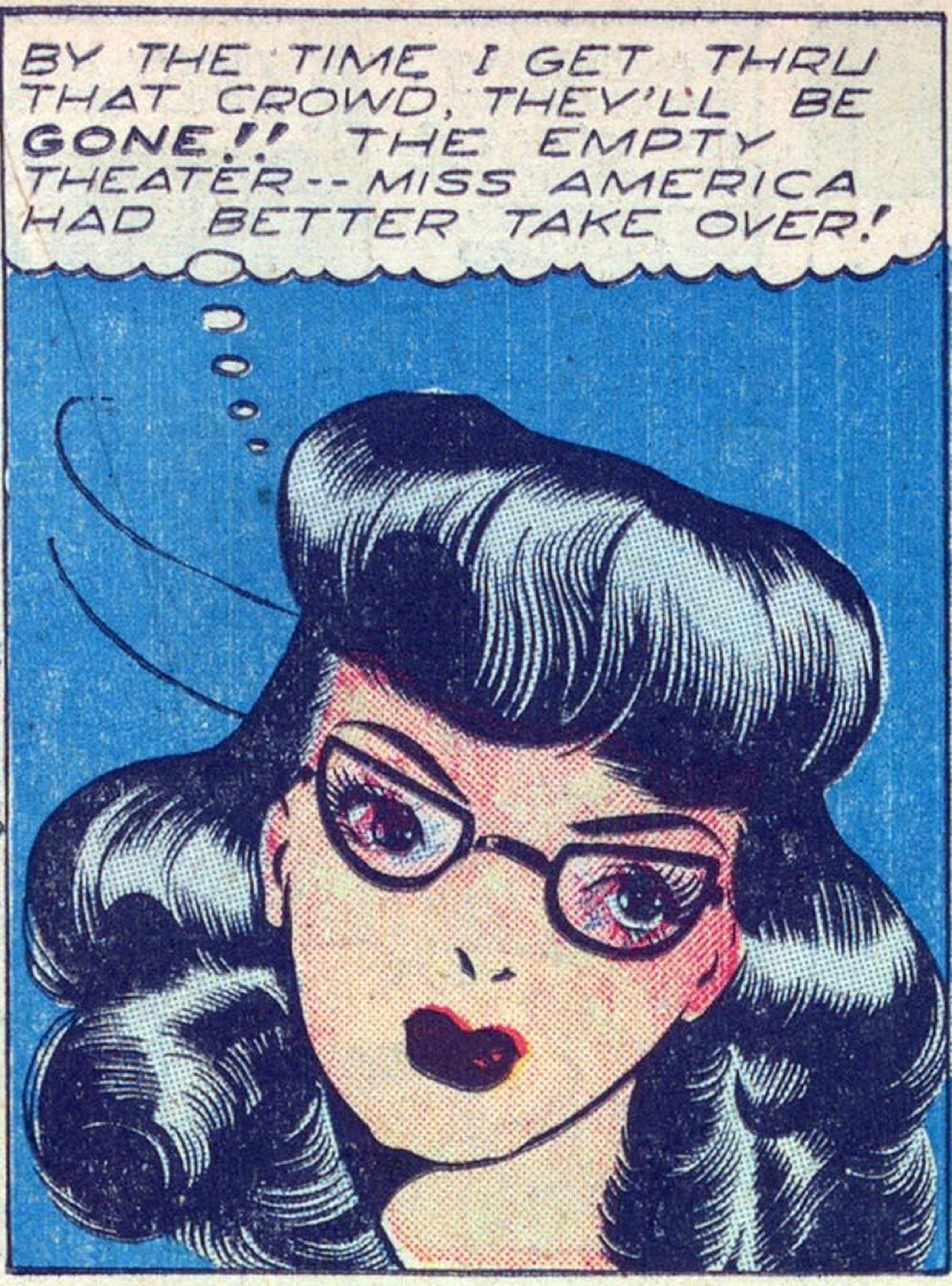

MEANWHILE, AT THE MADMAN'S CAGE...
AT LAST I'VE OPENED THE DOOR! I GET OUT! I'LL KILL EVERYONE!
HE'S FREE!
HA, HA, HEE HEE... I KILL YOU! I KILL YOU!
I BREAK YOU IN PIECES!
BUT MIGHTY HANDS MAKE A BOOMERANG!
THAT SETTLES HIM! NOW TO PUT THEM ALL IN THE SAME BOAT!

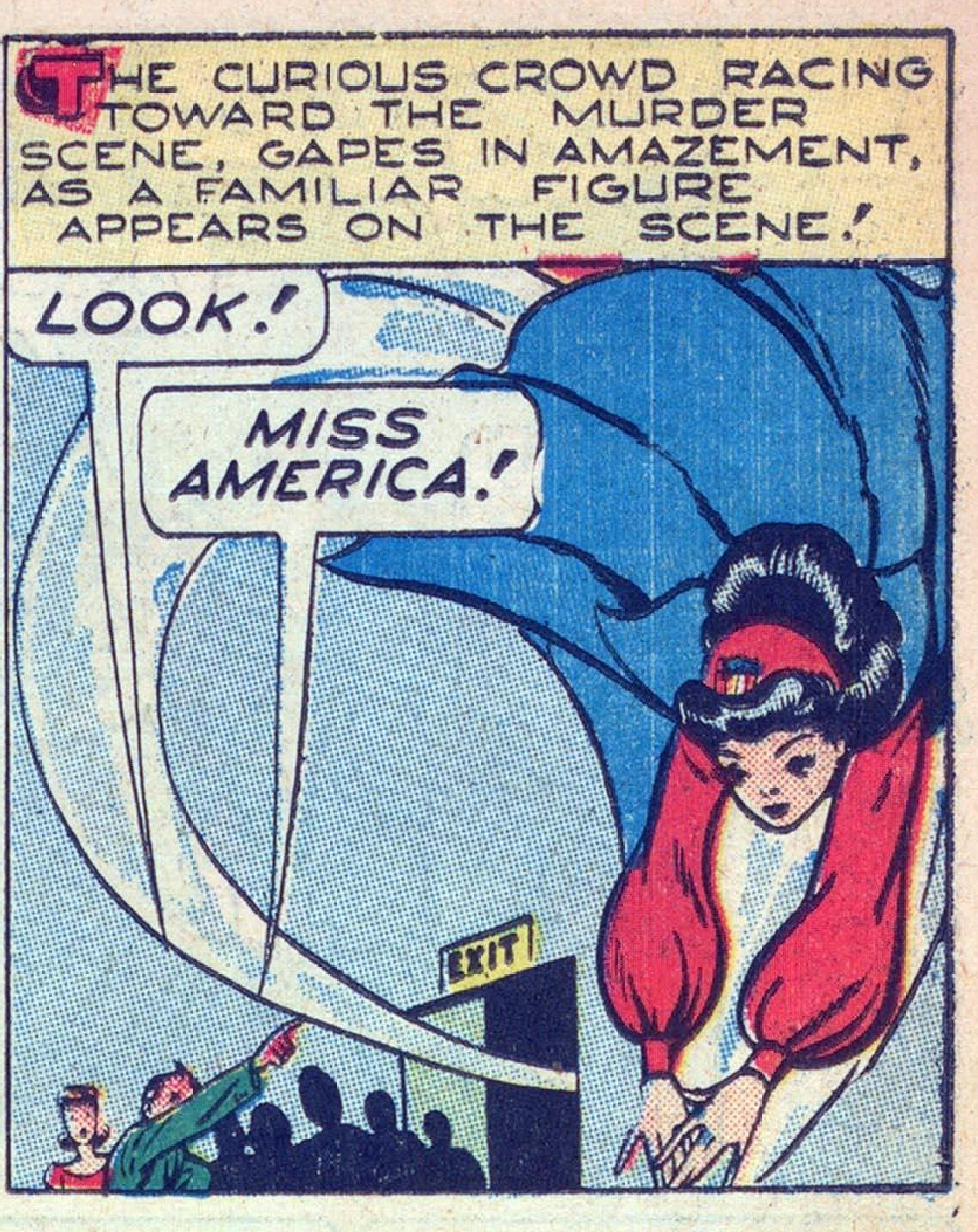
HERE WE GO! I'LL PULL THEM BACK ON THEIR LAST RIDE!
IT'S A RIDE I'LL ENJOY!
WOW! THIS IS AS FAST AS ATOMIC POWER WILL EVER MOVE THESE BOATS!
SWIFT MINUTES LATER...
HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, SERGEANT! A BUNCH OF MURDERERS!
LATER...
BUT WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW ROLLO WOULD GAIN ANYTHING FROM GETTING ME OUT OF THE WAY!
WITH YOU DEAD, HALF YOUR INHERITANCE WOULD GO TO ROLLO! HE WASN'T MENTIONED IN YOUR FATHER'S WILL! BUT A CHARITY WAS, AND ROLLO HEADED THAT!
POLICE
THE CHARITY WAS A DUMMY SETUP! ROD'S FATHER DIDN'T KNOW!
IF IT WASN'T THAT YOU WERE GREEDY FOR THE $10,000 REWARD, YOU MIGHT HAVE GONE FURTHER IN YOUR CRIME, BUT THAT'S WHERE YOU TRIPPED!
THE END

Miss AMERICA
IN
The SING SONG SLAYINGS!
R147
THE AUDIENCE SURGES OUT OF A BROADWAY THEATER AND WITH THEM, MADELINE JOYCE AND HER UNCLE JIM!
GOSH! WE CAN HARDLY MOVE! THE STREETS ARE JAMMED!
SEEMS ALL THE THEATERS LET OUT ABOUT THE SAME TIME!
DISCORDANT, LOUD MUSIC HERALDS THE APPROACH OF TWO BLIND MUSICIANS!
WAIT, UNCLE! I WANT TO GIVE THEM SOMETHING!
I'LL CALL A CAB! OH, TAXI!!

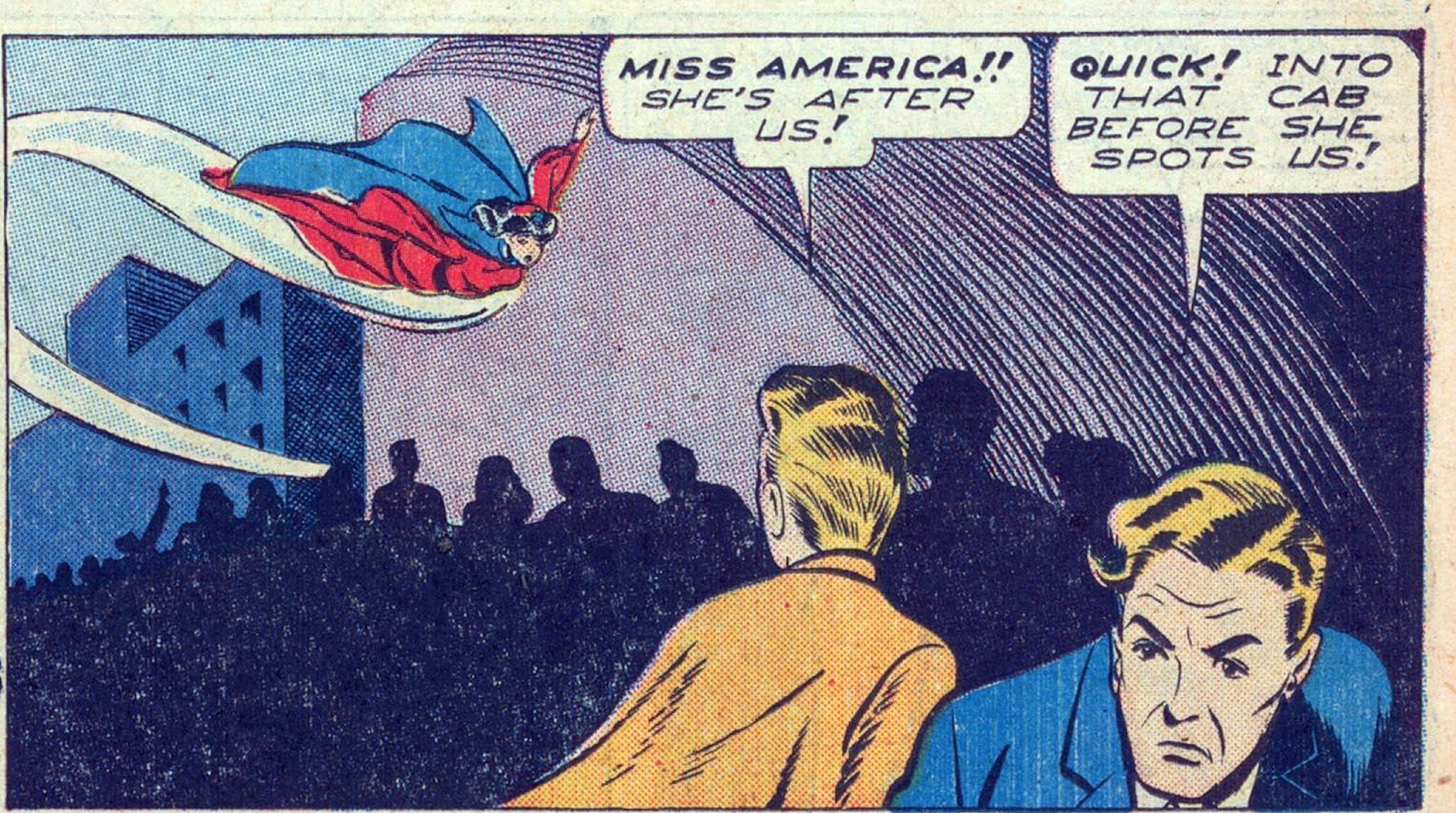
SUDDENLY, A FRIGHTENED CRY IS HEARD ABOVE THE BLIND PAIR'S MUSIC!
MARTHA!?! GOOD HEAVENS! MY WIFE! H-E-L-P!
(GROAN) SHE'S DEAD! AND HER DIAMOND NECKLACE IS GONE!
SOMEONE IN THE CROWD DROVE THAT KNIFE IN HER BACK!
MADELINE'S SHARP EYE DETECTS A MAN AND WOMAN ELBOWING A PATH AWAY FROM THE TRAGEDY!
THAT COUPLE SEEM TO BE IN AN UNUSUAL HURRY TO GET AWAY!
STOP THEM! OH! THEY KNOCKED OVER THE BLIND COUPLE!
JUNIOR MISS
PEGGY ANN GARNER

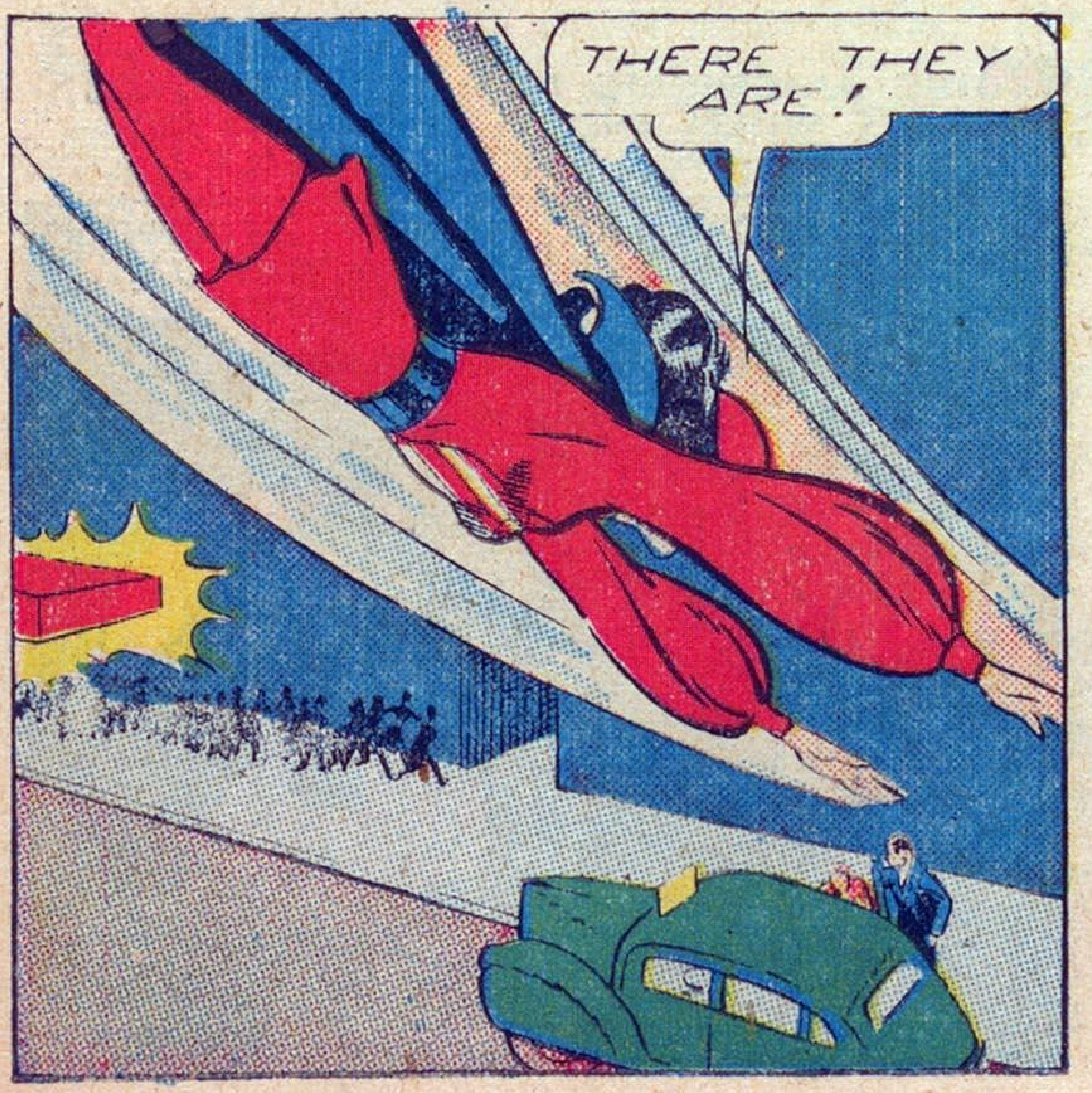
BALKED IN HER PURSUIT BY ANOTHER THEATRE CROWD POURING INTO THE ALLEY, MADELINE'S ALERT MIND INSTANTLY FORMULATES A ***PLAN!***

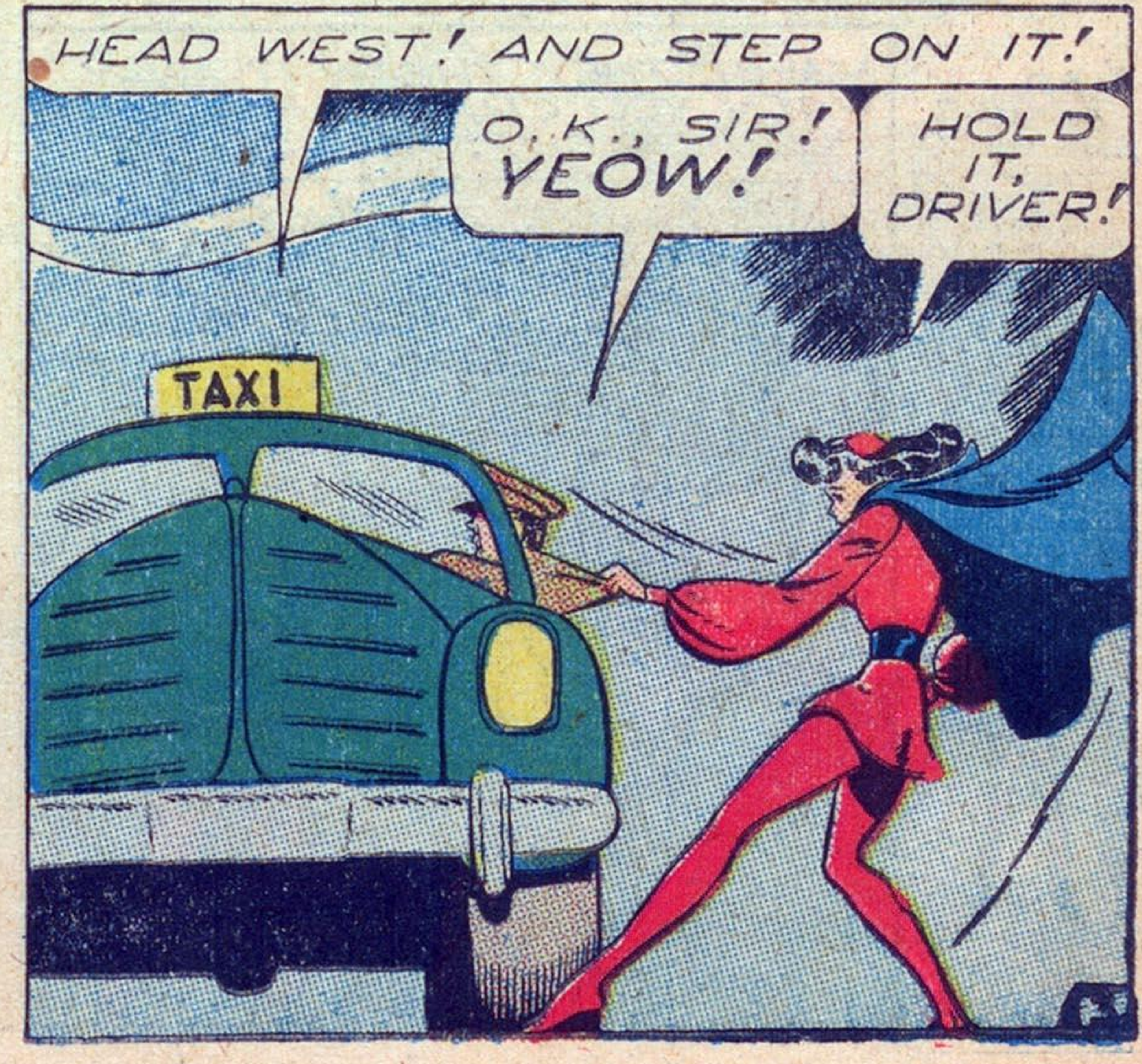

BY THE TIME I GET THRU THAT CROWD, THEY'LL BE **GONE!!** THE EMPTY THEATER--MISS AMERICA HAD BETTER TAKE OVER!


THE CURIOUS CROWD RACING TOWARD THE MURDER SCENE, GAPES IN AMAZEMENT, AS A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS ON THE SCENE!
LOOK!
MISS AMERICA!
EXIT

MISS AMERICA ZOOMS LOW OVER THE HEADS OF THE CROWD IN HER SEARCH FOR HER QUARRY!


MISS AMERICA!! SHE'S AFTER US!
QUICK! INTO THAT CAB BEFORE SHE SPOTS US!


THERE THEY ARE!


HEAD WEST! AND STEP ON IT!
O.K., SIR! **YEOW!**
HOLD IT, DRIVER!
TAXI

A POLICEMAN PUSHES THRU THE CROWD THAT QUICKLY GATHERS!
HOW DARE YOU? TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF US!
WE'RE INNOCENT!
INNOCENT? INNOCENT OF WHAT? I HAVEN'T ACCUSED YOU TWO OF ANYTHING!
THEN WHY DID YOU STOP US?
BECAUSE **INNOCENT** PEOPLE DON'T RUN FROM **MURDER SCENES**!
OFF ALL THE NONSENSE! WE WERE LATE FOR A TRAIN--- THESE TICKETS WILL PROVE IT!
THIS IS AWFUL! WHY ARE WE BEING SEARCHED?
A LITTLE MATTER OF A DIAMOND NECKLACE AND A DEAD WOMAN!
MISS AMERICA PONDERS AS A THOROUGH SEARCH FAILS TO DISCLOSE THE MISSING NECKLACE!
MAYBE THEY THREW IT AWAY WHEN YOU CHASED THEM! I'LL SEARCH THE ALLEY!
I HAVE A HUNCH IT WON'T BE FOUND! I'M UP AGAINST A SLICK PAIR!
MISS AMERICA'S DEDUCTION PROVES CORRECT WHEN ANOTHER SEARCH OF THE ENTIRE AREA PROVES FUTILE!
I'M NOT LETTING THIS INSULT PASS!
BEAT IT BEFORE I RUN YOU IN ANYWAY!
4

AFTER REJOINING WORRIED UNCLE JIM, MADELINE SPENDS A RESTLESS NIGHT, PONDERING THE ENIGMATIC JIGSAW OF EVENTS! WE SEE HER NEXT, THE AFTERNOON OF THE FOLLOWING DAY, HURRYING TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE THE MURDER OCCURRED!
I'LL SEARCH WHILE RETRACING THE COURSE THE COUPLE TOOK! THAT NECKLACE JUST DIDN'T MELT INTO THIN AIR!
UNLESS THEY PASSED IT TO SOMEONE IN THE CROWD! **MUSIC!** THE BLIND MUSICIANS!
SUDDENLY, SOMETHING ABOUT THE SWEET, PLAINTIVE MUSIC STIRS MADELINE!
I'M GLAD TO SEE THEY WEREN'T HURT BY THEIR FALL LAST NIGHT! **SOMETHING'S WRONG!**
I KNEW IT! SAME CLOTHES AND INSTRUMENTS! BUT **NOT** THE **SAME FACES!**
WHO IS IT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
UNDER KINDLY BUT FIRM QUESTIONING, THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE REVEAL STARTLING INFORMATION!
(SOB) WE MEANT NO HARM! THEY PAID US TO STAY HOME AND TOOK OUR CLOTHES!
WE WERE TOLD THEY WERE PLAYING A JOKE ON SOME FRIENDS!
NOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE COUPLE I CHASED--SLIPPED IT TO THE **FAKE** BLIND COUPLE WHEN THEY BUMPED INTO THEM!
IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I WAS TEMPTED BY THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS! HOW COULD WE KNOW THEY WERE MURDERERS?

MADELINE QUICKLY PUTS THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE AT EASE AND ENLISTS THEIR AID IN A PLAN!
WE'LL DO ANYTHING!
I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOUR CALL! LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, THEY'LL BE TOO GREEDY TO STOP AND THAT'LL BE THEIR UNDOING!
TEN DAYS LATER, IN A LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE!
WE'RE THROUGH PLAYING BLIND MAN'S BLUFF WITH MISS AMERICA!
YOU YELLOW RATS! YOU KNOW WE'VE HAD THE BLIND PAIR TAILED EVERY SECOND!
PUT THE ROD AWAY! MISS AMERICA OR THE COPS NEVER WENT NEAR THEM! THEY'RE BACK PLAYING AT THE SAME OLD STAND!
--AND SO, THE NEXT EVENING, WE FIND MADELINE, WHO HAS BEEN HUGGING THE PHONE FOR DAYS, RECEIVING A CODED MESSAGE FROM THE BLIND PAIR!
WHAT WAS ALL THAT GIBBERISH? YOU GOING OUT?
OH--! JEAN WESTON INSISTS I COME OVER AND HELP HER MAKE FUDGE! I'LL BE HOME EARLY!
SOME MINUTES LATER, ON ANOTHER STREET OFF BROADWAY!
I'VE BEEN TRAILING THAT FAKE BLIND PAIR--THERE THEY ARE! THIS IS IT! HERE COMES THE CROWD! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK SHARP TO PREVENT ANOTHER MURDER!

AS THE CROWD SURGES OUT--
HERE THEY COME! YOU SLIP OFF THE BRACELET WHEN SHE SAGS!
AS THE CROWD ONCE AGAIN PARTS BEFORE THE FAKE BLIND PAIR, A METEORIC FIGURE KNIFES DOWN OUT OF THE SKY!
AND BOWLS THE VICTIM OUT OF THE PATH OF THE LETHAL UP-THRUST OF THE KILLER'S WEAPON!
Y-E-OUCH!
NOT FORGETTING YOUR CHIN! LEAVING SO SOON, MRS. RAT?
JUST A MINUTE, DEARIE! BACK WE GO TO COLLECT YOUR HUBBY!
E-EEK!
WE GOT THEM, MISS AMERICA! THANKS FOR THE TIP!
EXCUSE ME FOR NOT STOPPING! BUT I MUST DIG UP SOME FUDGE TO TAKE HOME TO A CERTAIN SUSPICIOUS GENTLEMAN!
THE END

FORGOTTEN TRAIL

A STOOPED FIGURE was picking away at the stone and dirt in the wall of a tunnel, muttering ugly phrases to himself:

"The old miser . . . hid every nugget of gold he ever earned and paid me almost nothing fer workin' fer him . . . been diggin' here since old Silas Waite died . . . know he never came back fer his gold . . . gotta be here somewhere!"

But while this strange monologue was going on somewhere in Colorado, back in New York City young Judd Waite, who resembled his father closely, was looking through a batch of papers and records, left by his father who had died when the youth was a young boy. Having just reached the age of 21, Judd was now receiving the inheritance which had been held in trust for him.

One paper seemed to puzzle him. It was a record, written by his father, which seemed to hint of a fortune hidden somewhere until Waite was ready to go after it. But the old man had died before returning to the scene of his young manhood, out West.

Judd's father had been one of those pioneers who journeyed for perilous weeks over untrod trails to the West   to Colorado, land of rich valleys and snow-capped mountains. He had owned a General Store, in the once-proud and noisy gold-mining town of Caliban, which had now become only a deserted and lifeless spectre in the passage of time The rich veins had been bled to the limit   the precious ore giving up its great wealth to the hardy who were willing to work for it. And finally there was no more gold The pioneers moved onward further west, leaving Caliban to be reclaimed by the winds and sands and the small animals of the hills, which were the only inhabitants now of this ghost town.

And then one day it suddenly occurred to Judd to leave his comfortable home in New York and follow the trail which the old man had blazed many years ago. A forgotten trail, perhaps . . . but who could tell what Judd would find at the other end?

. . . Judd stood silently on the rim of a hill, looking downward on the deserted main thoroughfare of Caliban. He had reached the end of his sentimental journey! The pebbles rolled away as the hoofs of his horse scraped warily along the narrow path leading into the town. Moments later, he stopped before an old hitching post which still stood before one of the ramshackle buildings. This building still bore a sign: GENERAL STORE, altho the letters were almost completely obliterated. Judd's father had owned this store. If the cache of gold nuggets, hinted at in the faded record, was a reality and not a mere legend, it was probable that this long-hidden fortune would be somewhere in the building. Judd made his way up the broken steps to the porch. The heels of his boots echoed into the night. He had the sensation that someone was following closely on his heels.

"Wild imagination!" Judd thought to himself.

He entered the store. Years of drifting dust had covered the counter and shelves which still remained in their original places in this cheerless place The moon pointed a beam of light through a window and lit a path across the room.

"So this was pa's store," Judd thought to himself. "Must have been a busy place in those old days when Caliban was a thriving mining town. This counter will have to serve as a bed for tonight Tomorrow I'll look this place over from top to bottom and find out once and for all if the story of pop's hidden gold is true, or just a fairy-tale!"

Judd slipped off his boots and climbed on the counter. He stretched his tall figure full length with his hands folded across his chest, his head resting on the knapsack he had brought in with him. He did not realize how tired he really was . . . his eyes closed almost at once and he fell asleep.

His dreams were jumbled, meaningless. Then he seemed to see his father standing beside the counter, whispering and beckoning to him. He awoke with a start. He became suddenly aware of cold air passing by his cheek. He sensed his father's presence, but could see no one!

Judd withdrew a candle from the knapsack and lit it. Holding it high, he glanced carefully around the room and then to the dusty floor. He shuddered as he saw a set of footprints leading across the dust to the opposite wall! He followed them.

A panel was open, leading through the wall. As if in a trance, Judd passed through the wall, with the candle held far out in front of him. He saw a flight of stairs, leading down!

Was this a dream! The youth shook his head several times, as if to clear this strange vision from his mind. But it was still there . . . the staircase leading down. Unable to control his movements, he began to descend slowly in his stocking feet. At last he reached the bottom. And it was then that a faint sound came to his alert ears. It sounded like a pick-axe striking against stone!

Judd was now in a small underground room which had a dirt floor. Then he saw a tunnel entrance in the dirt wall. The sounds were coming from somewhere in the far recesses of this tunnel!

He entered the passage, still possessed with the feeling that he was following an unseen guide. A sudden gust of wind blew out the candle. He had no more matches! Judd felt the walls of the narrow tunnel as he made his way along, closer to the tap-tapping which continued unabated. And then, suddenly, the passage seemed to become broader . . . a beam of light became brighter as he moved along silently. A few steps more and . . . he stopped suddenly.

A burly figure with grey matted hair was wielding a small pick, digging away at the soft stone and dirt in the wall, a lantern providing illumination. as he worked. Judd's confused mind tried to find an answer to the reason for this strange scene. He watched the old man, fascinated.

Suddenly, the stranger cried aloud in trembling tones as his pick struck an object which gave forth a metallic sound.

"I've found it . . . found it! It's his hoard of gold nuggets! And it's all mine now! Ha ha . . . if old Silas Waite could be seein' me now, him who I always hated! He can't do nothin' about me robbin' him now! Ha ha!"

The sweat glistened on young Judd's forehead as he realized the significance of this spectacle. This man, who had undoubtedly lived in Caliban in the old days when the mining town was alive, had discovered the hoard of gold which the boy's father had hidden so carefully so many years ago!

The old man lifted a small chest from a shallow hole in the wall. Placing it on the ground, he broke open the lid and gaped, mixed emotions of joy and greed playing over his features. Judd could see the gold nuggets gleaming. He stepped forward into the light and spoke:

"I'll take my gold now, old-timer!"

The figure turned around quickly and stared at Judd. A look of horror swept across his face.

"The saints have mercy on me . . . it's the ghost of Silas Waite, come to punish me for robbin' his gold!"

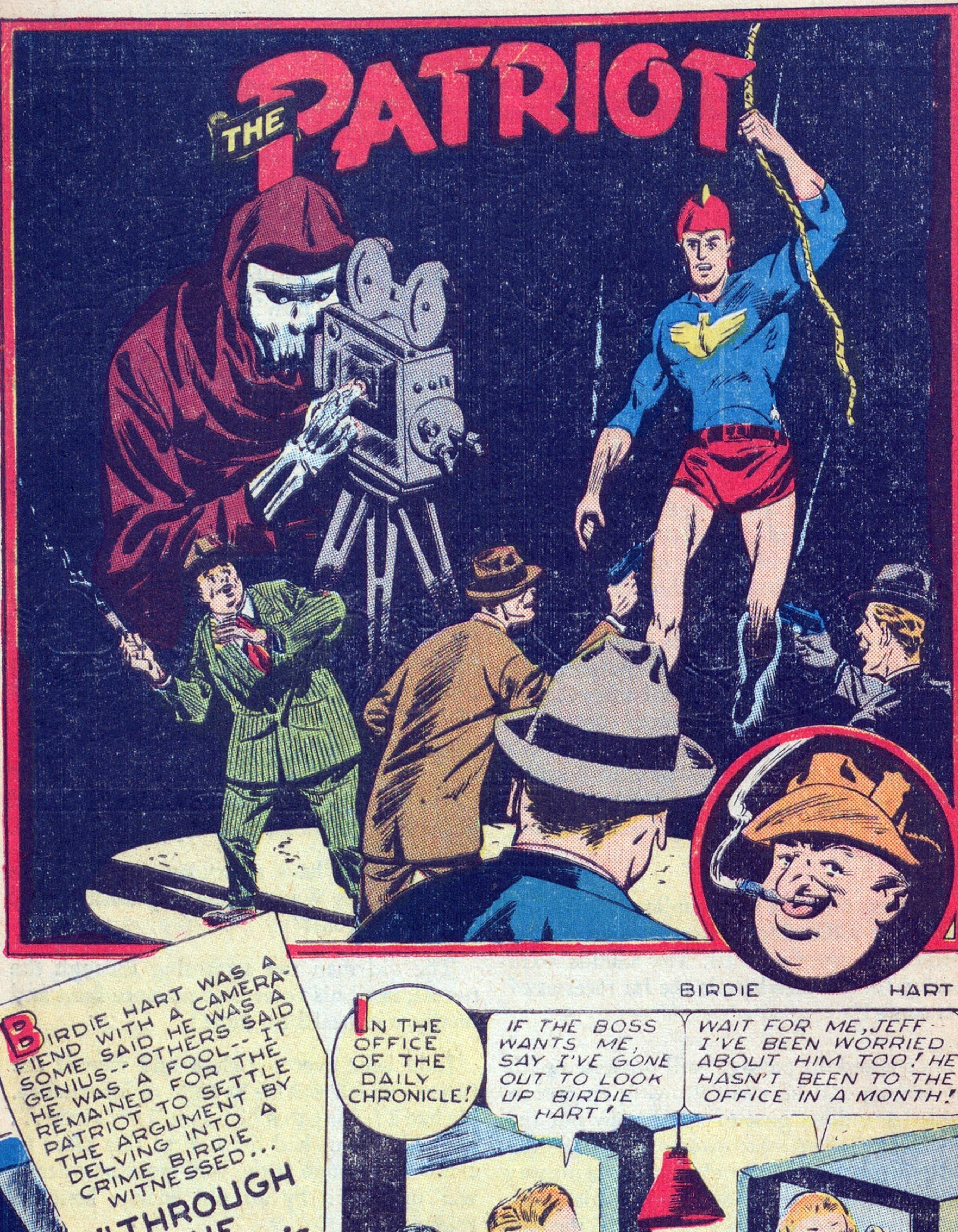
The old man ran screaming through the tunnel, until his voice became more faint and finally was heard no more!

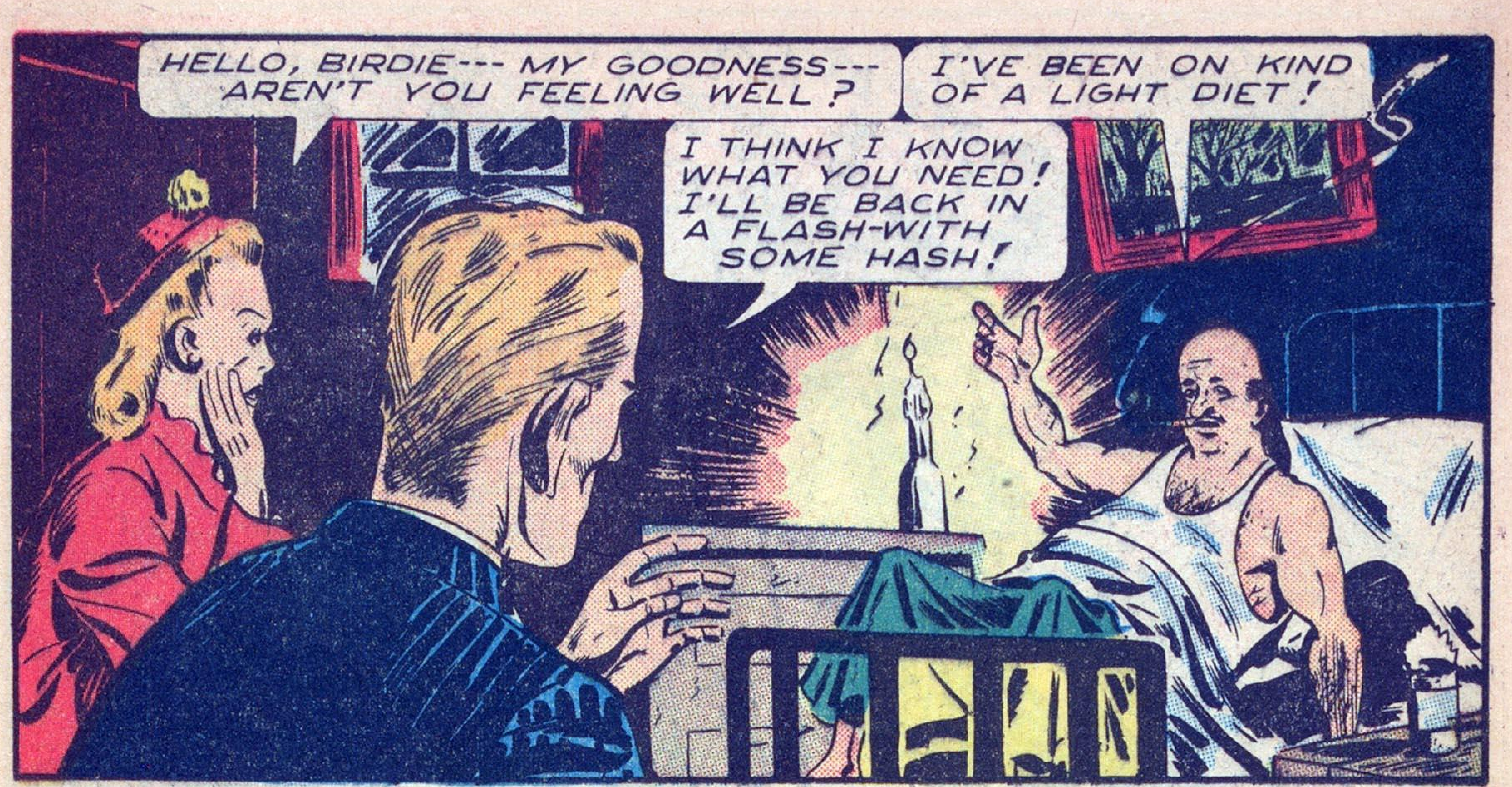
Judd bent over the chest and viewed the fortune which was his by right of inheritance. He had a feeling that he was still not alone . . . as if his father had led him to this place to claim his fortune at the very moment when it was unearthed by an old enemy, bent on robbery!

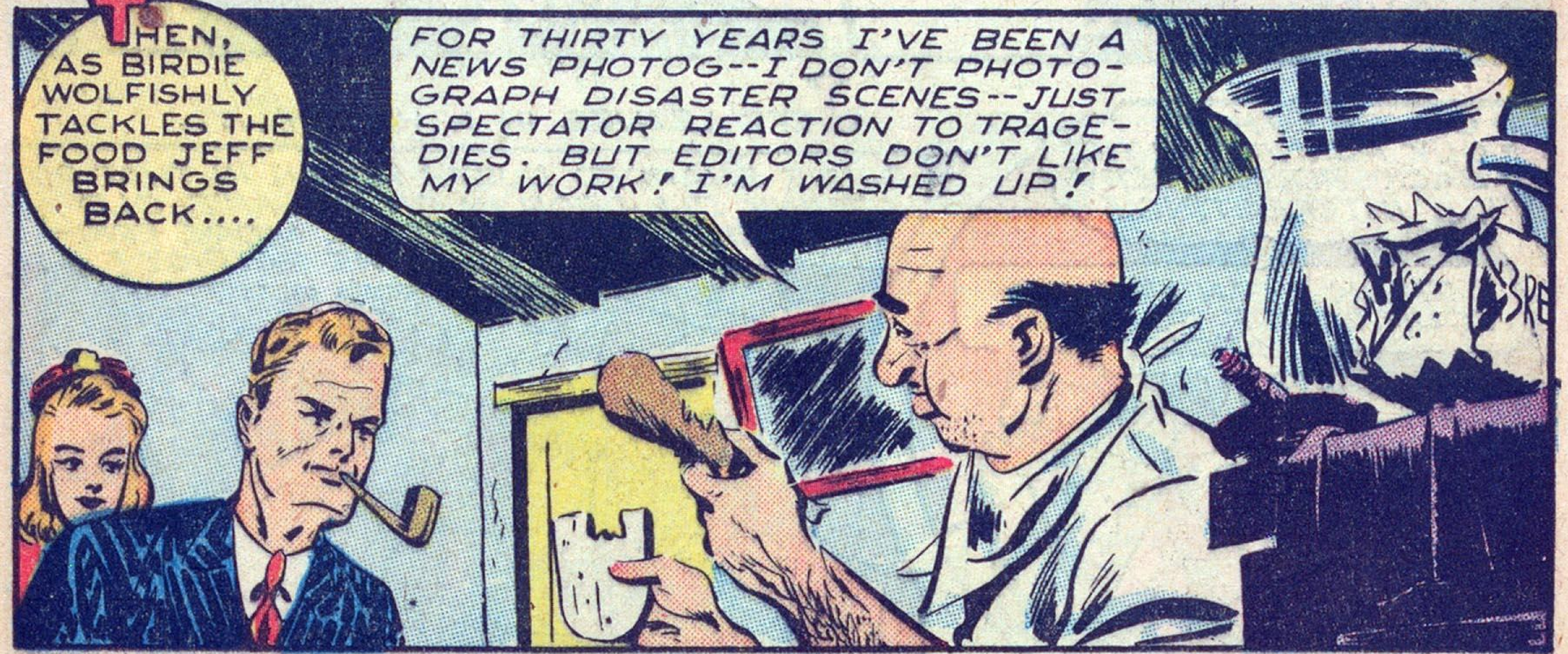
Had the old man mistaken Judd for his father, whom he resembled so much? Or had there been another one present in that underground chamber? He looked around . . . he was alone.

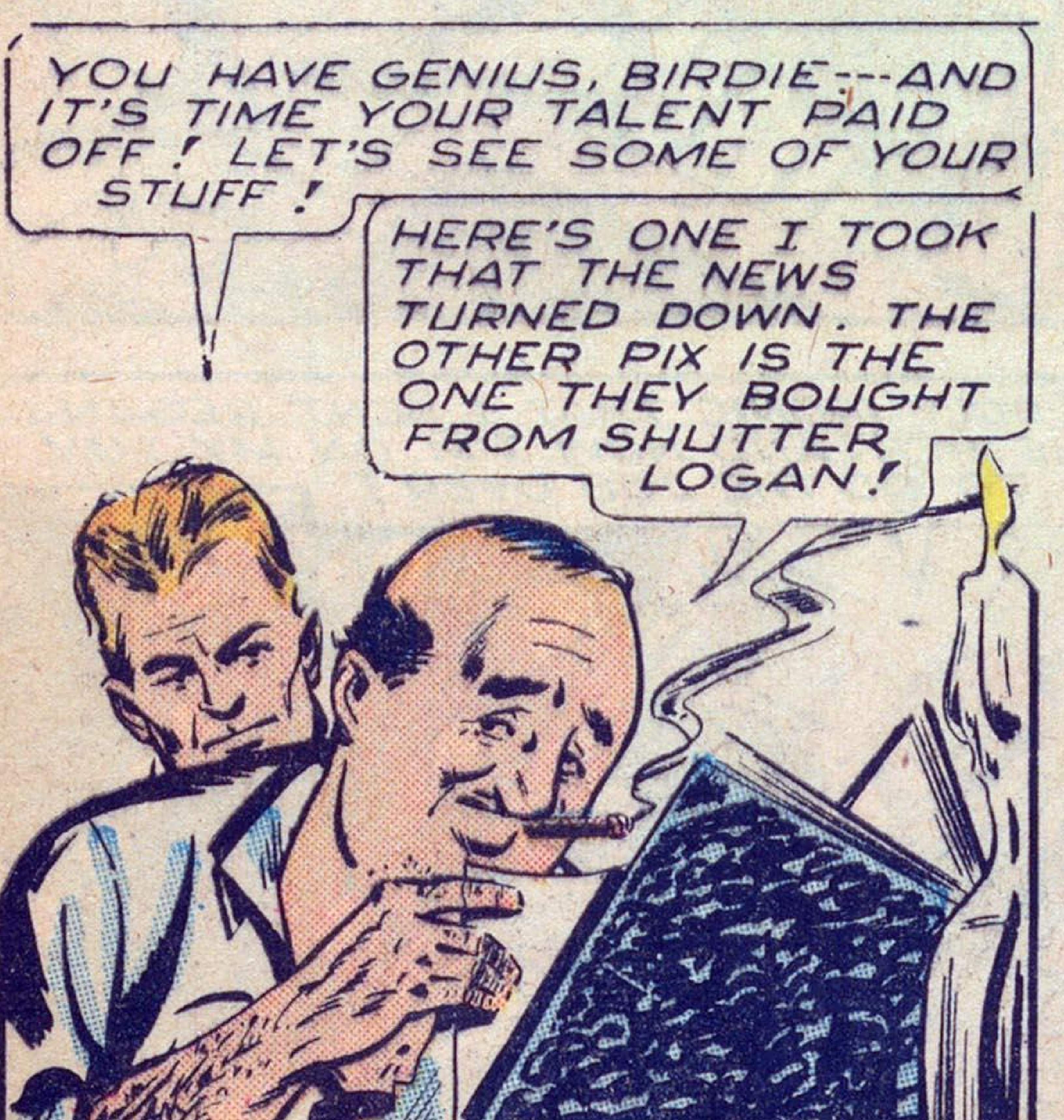
Judd heaved a sigh of relief. This was the end of the lost, the forgotten trail!

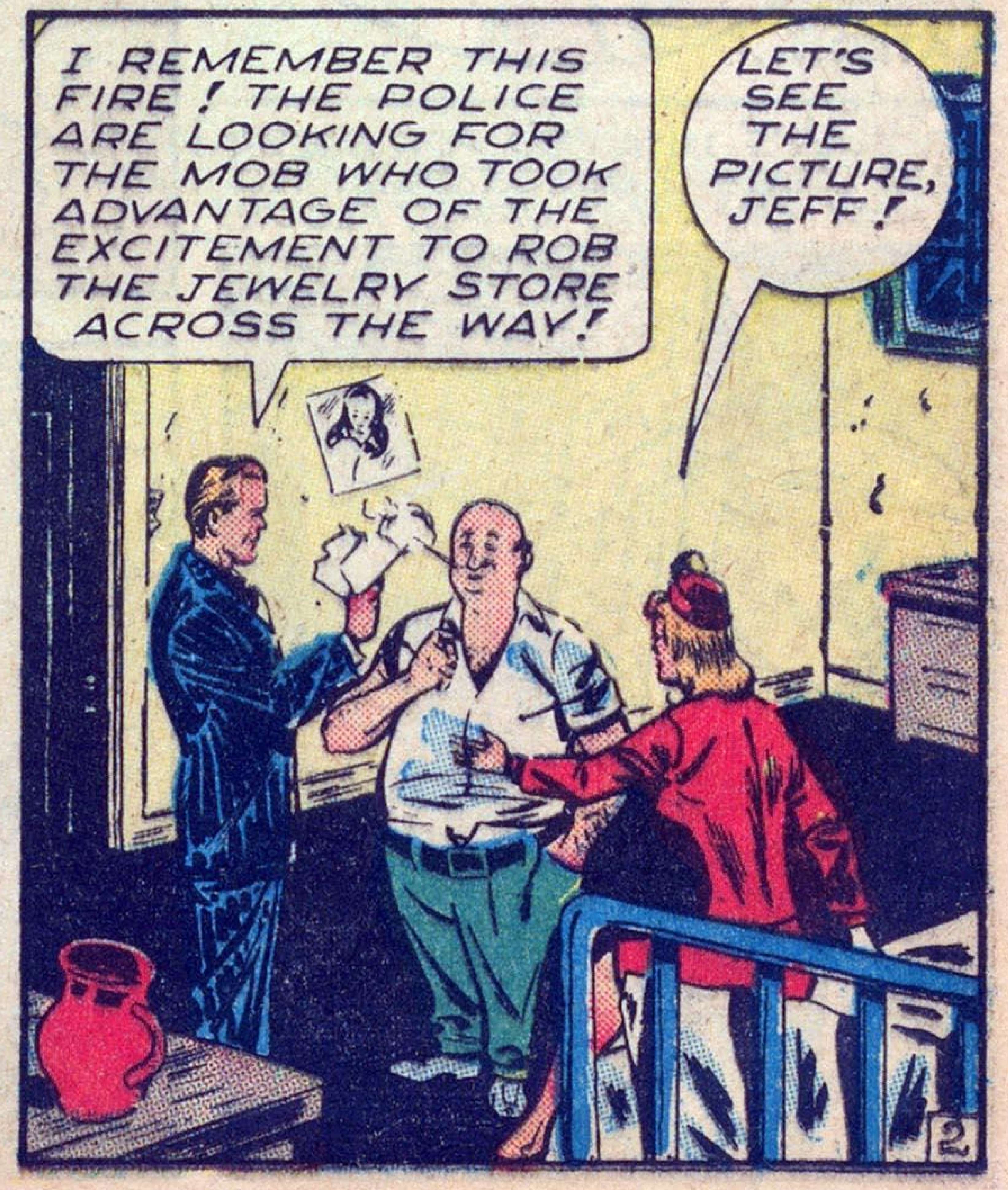
THE END


THE PATRIOT
BIRDIE HART
BIRDIE HART WAS A FIEND WITH A CAMERA--SOME SAID HE WAS A GENIUS--OTHERS SAID HE WAS A FOOL--IT REMAINED FOR THE PATRIOT TO SETTLE THE ARGUMENT BY DELVING INTO A CRIME BIRDIE WITNESSED...
"THROUGH THE CAMERA'S EYE!"
HYPO
IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE!
IF THE BOSS WANTS ME, SAY I'VE GONE OUT TO LOOK UP BIRDIE HART!
WAIT FOR ME, JEFF--I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT HIM TOO! HE HASN'T BEEN TO THE OFFICE IN A MONTH!


HELLO, BIRDIE--- MY GOODNESS--- AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL?
I'VE BEEN ON KIND OF A LIGHT DIET!
I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED! I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH-WITH SOME HASH!

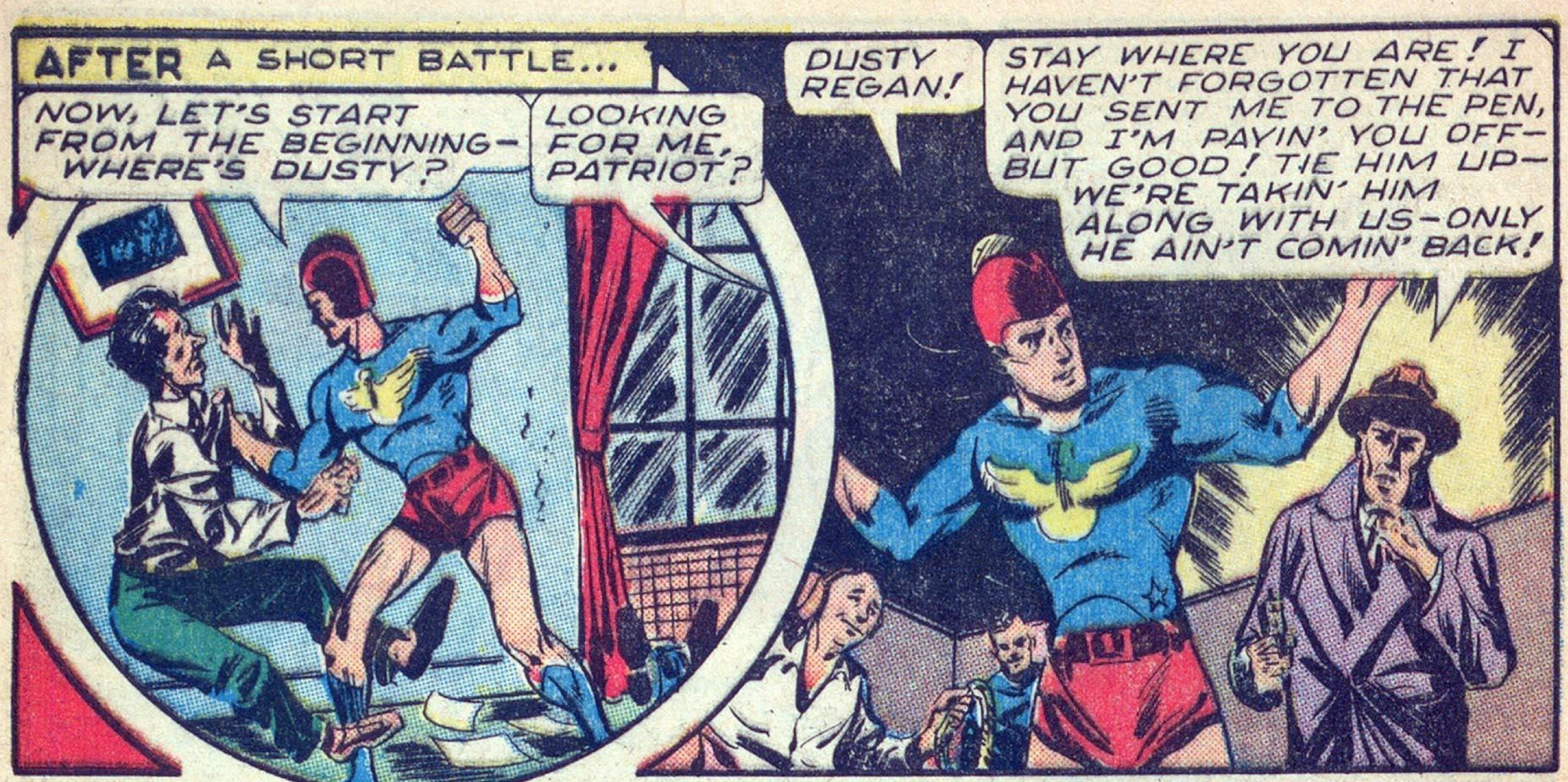

THEN, AS BIRDIE WOLFISHLY TACKLES THE FOOD JEFF BRINGS BACK....
FOR THIRTY YEARS I'VE BEEN A NEWS PHOTOG--I DON'T PHOTOGRAPH DISASTER SCENES--JUST SPECTATOR REACTION TO TRAGEDIES. BUT EDITORS DON'T LIKE MY WORK! I'M WASHED UP!

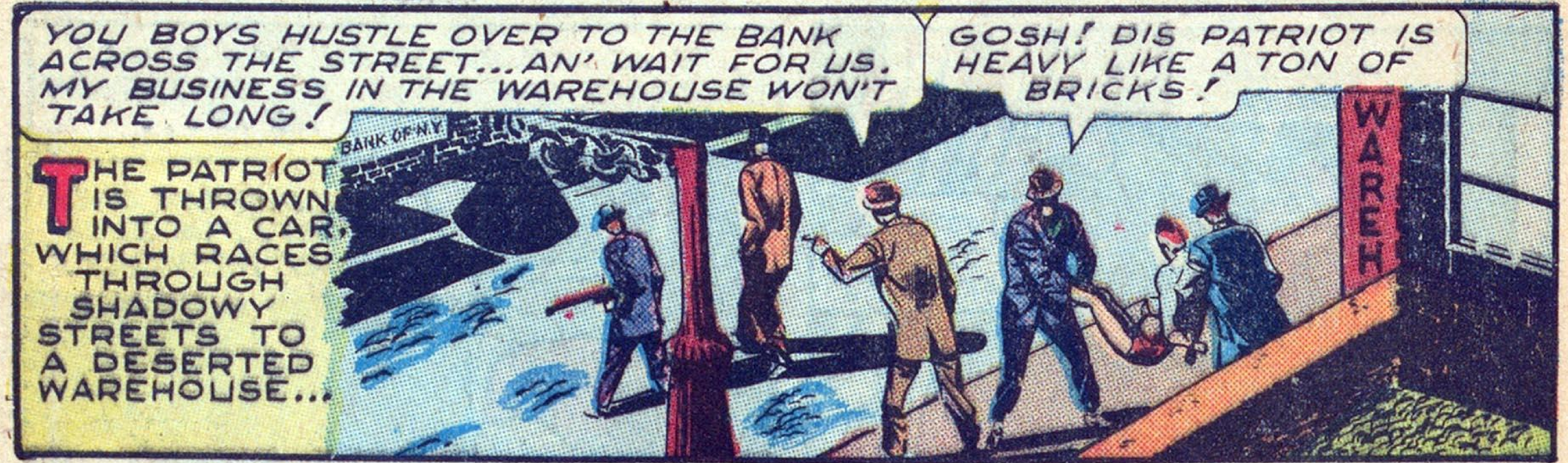

YOU HAVE GENIUS, BIRDIE---AND IT'S TIME YOUR TALENT PAID OFF! LET'S SEE SOME OF YOUR STUFF!
HERE'S ONE I TOOK THAT THE NEWS TURNED DOWN. THE OTHER PIX IS THE ONE THEY BOUGHT FROM SHUTTER LOGAN!

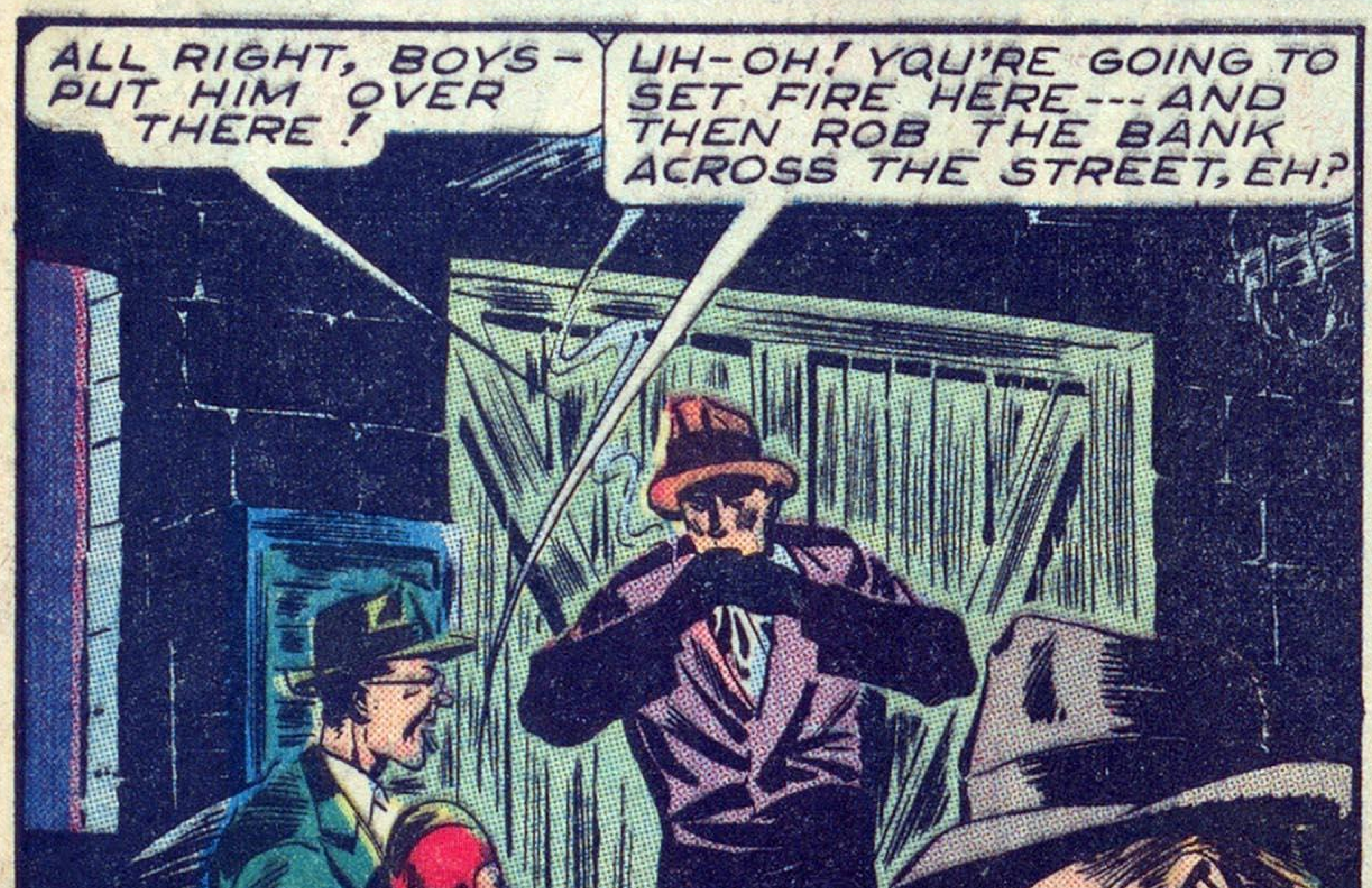

I REMEMBER THIS FIRE! THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR THE MOB WHO TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE EXCITEMENT TO ROB THE JEWELRY STORE ACROSS THE WAY!
LET'S SEE THE PICTURE, JEFF!

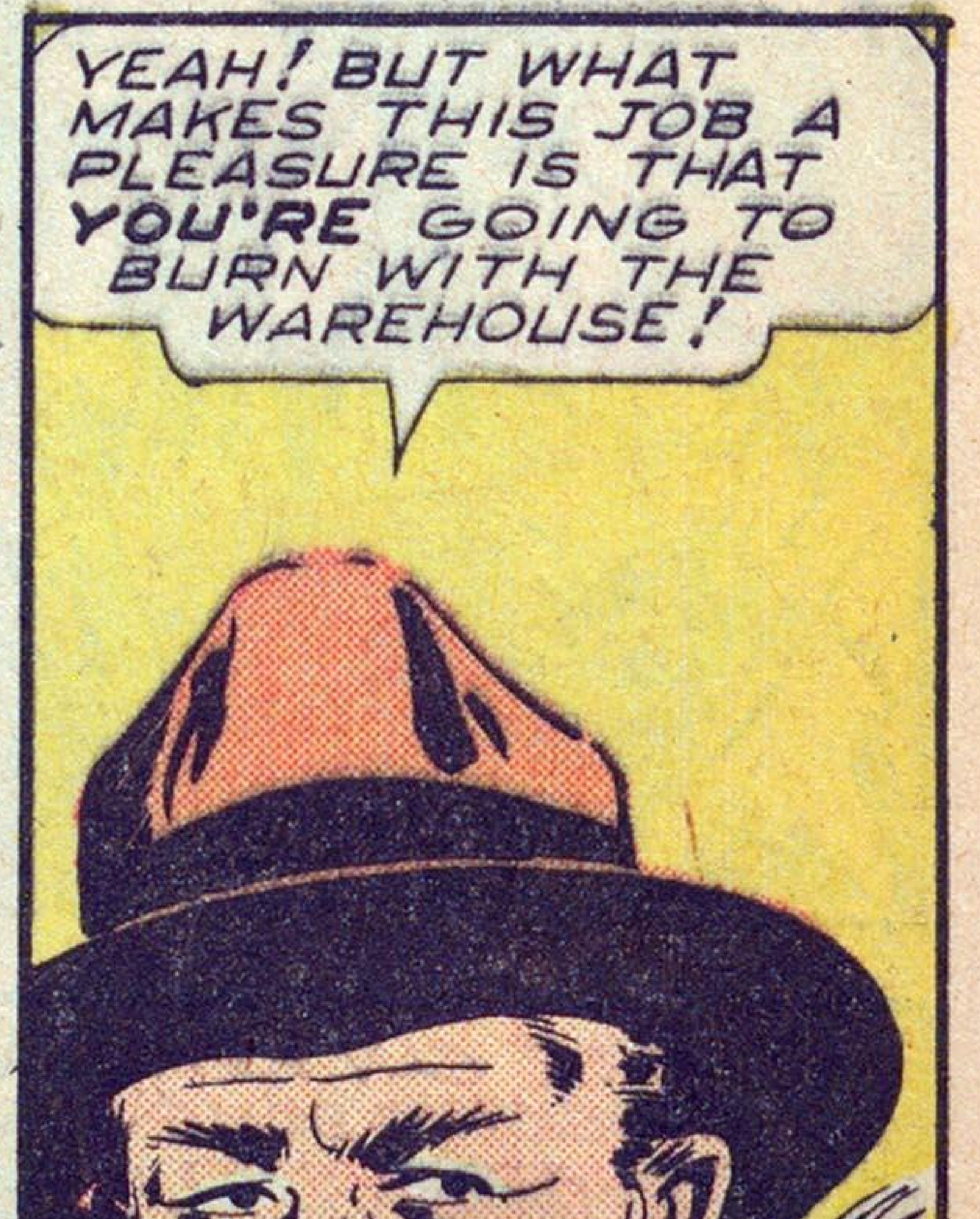
FIREMEN BATTLE BLAZE AT ELITE GARMENT FACTORY
SPECTATORS HORRIFIED AT GARMENT FACTORY.
SPECTACULAR PHOTOS, BY SHUTTER LOGAN.
JEWELRY STORE
JEWELRY
OH-OH! THAT GUY RUNNING IN THE BACKGROUND! VERY INTERESTING.!
I THINK I CAN PEDDLE YOUR STUFF FOR YOU, BIRDIE!
FIVE MINUTES LATER....
JEFF LEAVES IN A HURRY.....
BIRDIE SNAPPED DUSTY REGAN IN THAT PIX! I THINK I'LL DROP IN ON REGAN'S OLD MOB — BUT I CAN OPERATE MORE EFFICIENTLY AS---THE PATRIOT!
VOTE MAYOR
BELLMANS BAKERY
REGAN'S WANTED FOR BREAKING JAIL--I GUESS I'LL FIND HIM ON THAT UPPER FLOOR!
RAINBOW CLUB
IT'S ODDLY IRONIC THAT I SENT REGAN TO THE PEN, AND NOW I'M ON MY WAY TO DO THE JOB OVER!

THE PENTHOUSE ABOVE.. FOUR MOBSTERS INDULGE IN A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER . . .
WHO'S CHEATING?
YOU ARE!
PLEASE, GENTLEMEN, CAN'T WE HAVE ONE GAME WITHOUT HAVING TO SWEEP UP A CORPSE?
HE STARTED IT!
AND I'LL FINISH IT!
IT'S THE PATRIOT!
I'M LOOKING FOR DUSTY REGAN. PERHAPS ONE OF YOU, ER, GENTLEMEN CAN TELL ME WHERE HE IS . . .
I COULD, CHUM, ONLY I FORGET! I'VE SUCH A SHORT MEMORY!
MAYBE I CAN REFRESH IT BY KNOCKING SOME SENSE INTO YOUR HEAD!


AFTER A SHORT BATTLE...
NOW, LET'S START FROM THE BEGINNING- WHERE'S DUSTY?
LOOKING FOR ME, PATRIOT?
DUSTY REGAN!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT YOU SENT ME TO THE PEN, AND I'M PAYIN' YOU OFF- BUT GOOD! TIE HIM UP- WE'RE TAKIN' HIM ALONG WITH US-ONLY HE AIN'T COMIN' BACK!


YOU BOYS HUSTLE OVER TO THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET... AN' WAIT FOR US. MY BUSINESS IN THE WAREHOUSE WON'T TAKE LONG!
GOSH! DIS PATRIOT IS HEAVY LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!
THE PATRIOT IS THROWN INTO A CAR, WHICH RACES THROUGH SHADOWY STREETS TO A DESERTED WAREHOUSE...
BANK OF N.Y.
WAREH


ALL RIGHT, BOYS- PUT HIM OVER THERE!
UH-OH! YOU'RE GOING TO SET FIRE HERE--- AND THEN ROB THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET, EH?


YEAH! BUT WHAT MAKES THIS JOB A PLEASURE IS THAT YOU'RE GOING TO BURN WITH THE WAREHOUSE!

THIS MATCH IS YOUR ONE-WAY TICKET OUT OF THIS WORLD. HOPE YOU ENJOY THE TRIP, PATRIOT!
GASOLINE
I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE AND BURN! I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING!
NO SMOKING IN WAREHOUSE
TO
OW! THOSE FLAMES ARE HOT -- BUT IT'S WORKING!
SNAP!
THERE! I'M FREE -- NOW TO EXTINGUISH THE FIRE!
FIRE EXTINGUISH
MINUTES LATER, AT THE BANK...
SAY! DERE SHOULDA BEEN A FIRE ALARM TURNED IN BY NOW!
MAYBE SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG!
SUDDENLY!
HI, DUSTY! WE MEET AGAIN!
YOU AGAIN?
IT AIN'T HIS SHADOW— DO SOMTHIN'!

I'LL TAKE THAT TOMMY GUN, SMALL-FRY!
THIS TIME I'M GONNA--- OWWWW!
THANKS! NOW STAY WHERE YOU ARE. THE GAME'S OVER!
IT WAS A GREAT RACKET WHILE IT LASTED!
SOMETIME LATER, JEFF RETURNS TO BIRDIE HART'S APARTMENT!
JEFF! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW BIRDIE'S PICTURE HELPED THE PATRIOT TRAP THOSE GANGSTERS?--- SAY! HOW'D THE PATRIOT GET THAT PICTURE?
I WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO LOSE IT, AND THE PATRIOT WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND IT!
EXTRA
PATRIOT CAPTURES
USTY
EGAN
AIDED BY
BIRDIE
HARTS PHOTO-
THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE CHRONICLE OFFICE!
WHERE'S THAT 7X10 IDIOT? I SENT HIM TO FIND BIRDIE HART! THERE YOU ARE!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! BIRDIE'S RIGHT HERE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER ...
YOU'RE THE NUMBER ONE MAN AROUND HERE NOW, BIRDIE! IT'S ALL YOURS!
GOSH, ME, BIRDIE HART? WITH AN OFFICE ALL MY OWN? G-GOSH!
BIRDIE HART ACE PHOTOGRAPH
The END.

THE ANGEL
THE ANGEL WALKS ALONG A DINGY WATERFRONT STREET, GOING NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR, WHEN SUDDENLY FROM THE SHADOWS . .
DOCK 12
THE ANGEL IS SHANGHAIED ABOARD A MODERN PIRATE VESSEL, WHERE HE PITS HIS DARING AGAINST A CUT-THROAT CREW AND A BRILLIANT CRIMINAL IN "THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLUE GOOSE"
HE'S A HUSKY GUY! THE BOSS'LL LIKE HIM!
YEAH! OUGHTA GET A LOT OF WORK OUT OF HIM!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE ANGEL WAKES UP IN THE FORECASTLE OF THE YACHT "BLUE GOOSE"...
OHHH!
FROM MIMI TO SELDI
YOU'RE GOING TO WORK FOR ME --- AND IF YOU DON'T.. YOU'LL GET ANOTHER GOING OVER!
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH CHOICE!
JENKINS, YOU'RE TO GUARD THIS MAN AT ALL TIMES -- AND DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!
OKAY, BOSS! I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!
THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER, BEND YOUR BACK INTO IT!

SOUND ASLEEP! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND!
ZZZZZ
VOICES! SOUNDS LIKE KROLL!
IS EVERYTHING ALL SET, GLORIA?
YES! WE'VE GOT FOUR OF THE WEALTHIEST MEN AND THEIR WIVES, LOADED WITH JEWELRY, ON THIS TUB! BUT DON'T FORGET, KROLL, I'M MARGE HILTON, THE HEIRESS, NOT GLORIA WILD!
HAVE YOU DECIDED WHEN YOUR GUESTS ARE GOING TO HAND OVER THE STUFF?
NOT YET! WE'LL CRUISE DOWN THE COAST A LITTLE FURTHER-AND AFTER WE CLEAN THEM OUT, THEY GO OVERSIDE IN A LIFE BOAT!
THIS IS THE SLICKEST JOB YOU EVER PULLED, GLORIA! YOU'RE TERRIFIC!
IT'S BIG ALL RIGHT! BUT SAVE THE COMPLIMENTS UNTIL WE'RE FINISHED!
GLORIA WILD! SHE'S THE MOST NOTORIOUS CROOK IN THE COUNTRY! I STUMBLED INTO SOMETHING TERRIFIC!
3

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY! NOW BACK TO THE SWEET GLORIA'S STATE ROOM!
TO-MORROW NIGHT JUST AFTER DINNER, HAVE THE CREW PULL THE HOLDUP AS PLANNED!
I'LL BE THERE!
BUT SUDDENLY, THE ANGEL HEARS A SOUND BEHIND HIM AND WHIRLS TO SEE..
HOLD HIM, BUTCH!
AAAGGHH
WHY DON'T YOU JOIN BUTCH?
OOFFF
ONE LESS TO DEAL WITH!
AIEEEEEE

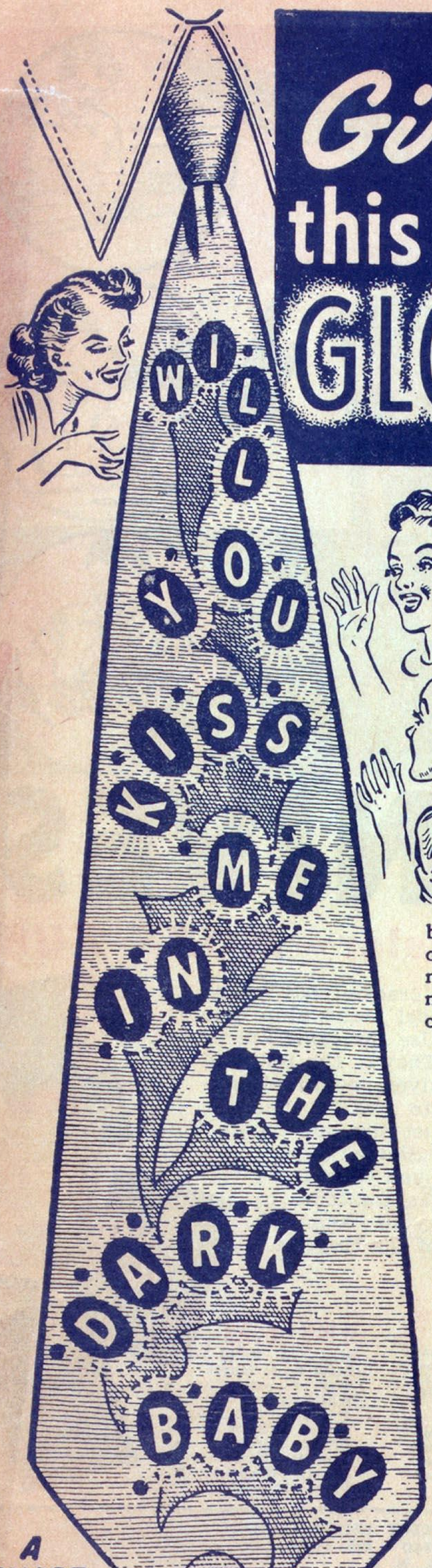
KROLL HEARS THE COMMOTION ON DECK AND RUSHES OUT..
ALL RIGHT, BREAK IT UP AND BACK TO YOUR QUARTERS!
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND I DON'T CARE! BUT YOU'LL SUFFER FOR KILLING ONE OF MY MEN!
MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO KEEP IN LINE!
I WANT THAT MAN WORKED AS HARD AS POSSIBLE! IF HE DIES, NOBODY WILL BE BLAMED!
YOU HEARD THE ORDERS! I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOU NEVER LEAVE THIS YACHT ALIVE!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, GLORIA DINES HER GUESTS . . .
WHEN SUDDENLY, THE TRAP IS SPRUNG . . .
THIS IS A STICK-UP! STAY IN YOUR SEATS AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING!
I WANT ALL YOU NICE LADIES TO REMOVE YOUR JEWELRY AND PUT IT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE--MEN THE SAME!
AFTER THE VALUABLES ARE COLLECTED, THE STARTLED PASSENGERS ARE FORCED INTO AN OPEN LIFEBOAT . . .
A NICE, NEAT JOB, EH, KROLL?
WONDERFUL, GLORIA!

MEANWHILE, IN THE FORECASTLE..
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT... THEY'VE PUT THE GUESTS ADRIFT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ANGEL'S GUARD RELAXES FOR A MOMENT..
OUT OF MY WAY!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RADIO SHACK!
ON YOUR FEET! I'M GOING TO USE THAT WIRELESS!
ANGEL!
SOS! SOS! YACHT BLUE GOOSE OFF HATTERAS IN TROUBLE -- SEND HELP! REPEAT..
115

SOME HAUL! ENOUGH TO KEEP US IN VELVET FOR LIFE!
IT'S BETTER THAN I THOUGHT! TELL THE CAPTAIN TO PULL INTO THE NEAREST PORT!
YOU CAN STOP GLOATING . . . I'M TAKING OVER, NOW!
WHA--?
CRASH
THE COAST GUARD ANSWERS THE S.O.S.
THAT'S THE "BLUE GOOSE!" PREPARE TO GO ABOARD!
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S A COAST GUARD CUTTER! YOU'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS SHORTLY!
. . . AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO TELL! BUT DO YOU THINK THE VICTIMS WILL BE ALL RIGHT?
ABSOLUTELY! WE'LL HAVE THEM PICKED UP IN AN HOUR! THANKS TO YOU, ANGEL!
THE END

Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!


WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK BABY

BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK TIE . . . BY NIGHT, A CALL TO LOVE IN GLOWING WORDS!

MEN . . . BOYS : . . Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay $2.00 or even $3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only $1.49! That's all, just $1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE, you simply pay postman $1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

A SMART TIE BY DAY

AT NIGHT A MAGIC TIE

WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK BABY

IT'S NOVEL, DIFFERENT BARRELS OF FUN!

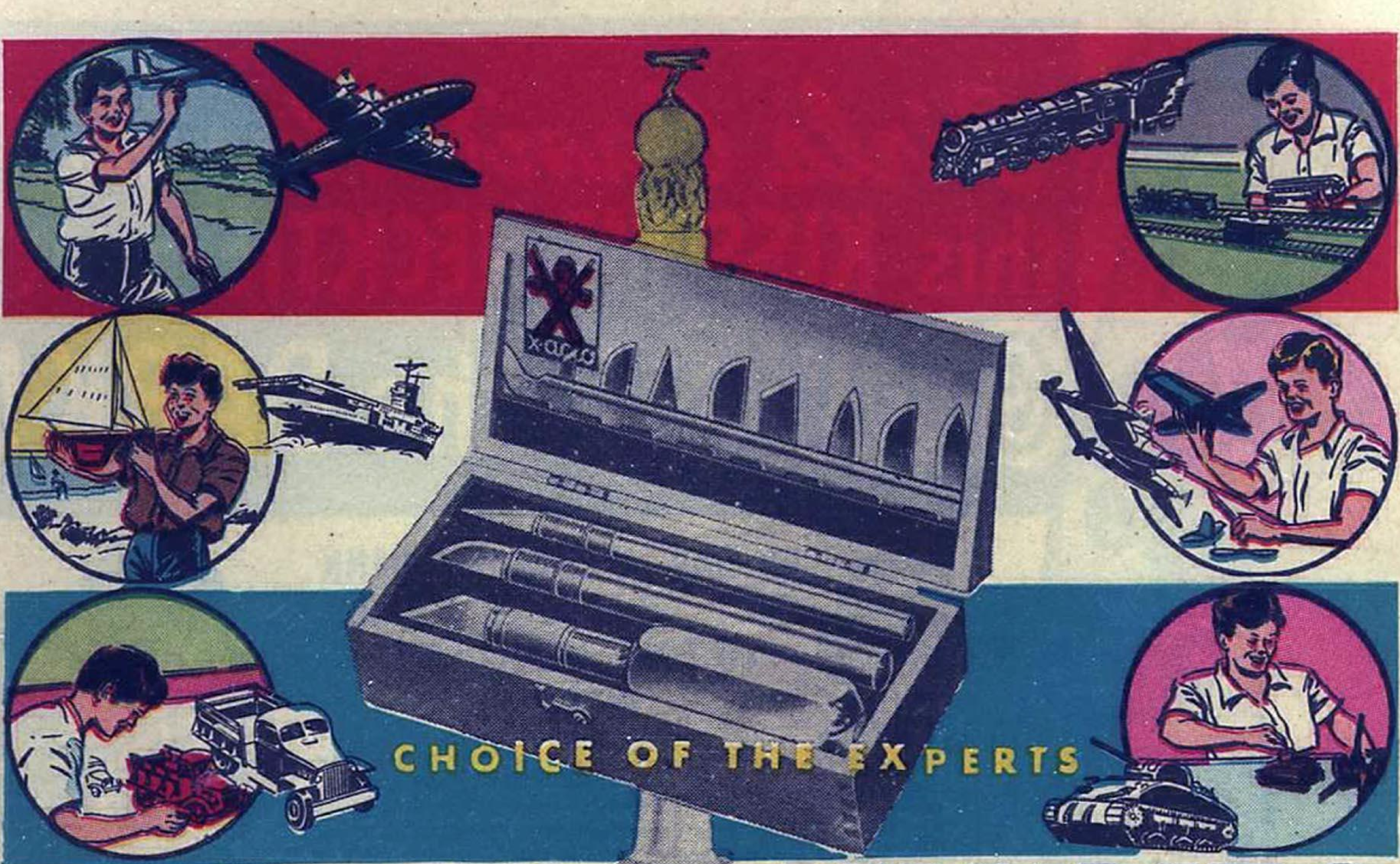
MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.
215 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 855K Chicago 1, Ill.

Rush me my KISS ME NECKTIE that glows in the dark. I will pay postman $1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want 3 Kiss Me Neckties for $4.22, Check Here ☐
If you want 1 Glowing Pin-Up Girl Necktie for $1.49, Check Here ☐
If you want 1 De Luxe Hand Painted Kiss Me Necktie for $4.49, Check Here ☐

Name . . . .
Address . . . .
City . . . . Zone. . . . . State. . . . .



X-acto KNIVES

Make Better Models – Faster – Easier – *MORE FUN*

You wouldn't play baseball with a cracked bat? Well then why try to make a perfect model plane, ship, gun or train with dull, ordinary knives. Use the same knives that the experts use X-ACTO! They're the finest in surgical steel carving and cutting knives you'll find anywhere. Always sharp and ready to use because the blades are interchangeable just slip out the dull and insert a new sharp blade. Shaped to give you the point, angle, or surface you want for a particular cut. Quickly changes amateurs to experts. Write today for your X-ACTO knives . . use the "Choice of the Experts."

TWELVE TECHNICS

Now FREE With X-ACTO 83

You'll enjoy making the 8 Easy Projects pictured with simplified instructions in the FREE BOOKLET.

WHITTLING
IS FUN
with X-acto

No. 82 Knife Chest
3 X-ACTO knife handles with 12 assorted steel blades. Compact in wooden chest. Priced at $3.50

No. 83 DeLuxe Champion Set
Same as No. 82. All burnished aluminum handles and 20 assorted blades. $5.00. (See above)

ORDER TODAY

Order your X-ACTO today . . on display at most leading HARDWARE, HOBBY SHOPS or DEPARTMENT stores or send coupon direct to X-Acto Crescent Prods Co., 440-4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y. if your dealer cannot supply you.

4 Big Books
How To Build Solid Scale Model War Planes; The Whittlers' and Woodcrafters' Handbook. Twelve Technics for the Artist, Student and Teacher; Commercial Artists' Handbook. Price 10c each.

Extra Blades Package of 5 50c

No. 1—51

Kit No. 62
Double knife set. 2 handles and 12 assorted blades. Complete $2.00

No. 2 or No. 52
Light and heavy duty knives. Each complete with 1 blade . . . 50c each. Same knives with 5 blades . . . $1.00 each.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT
RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN

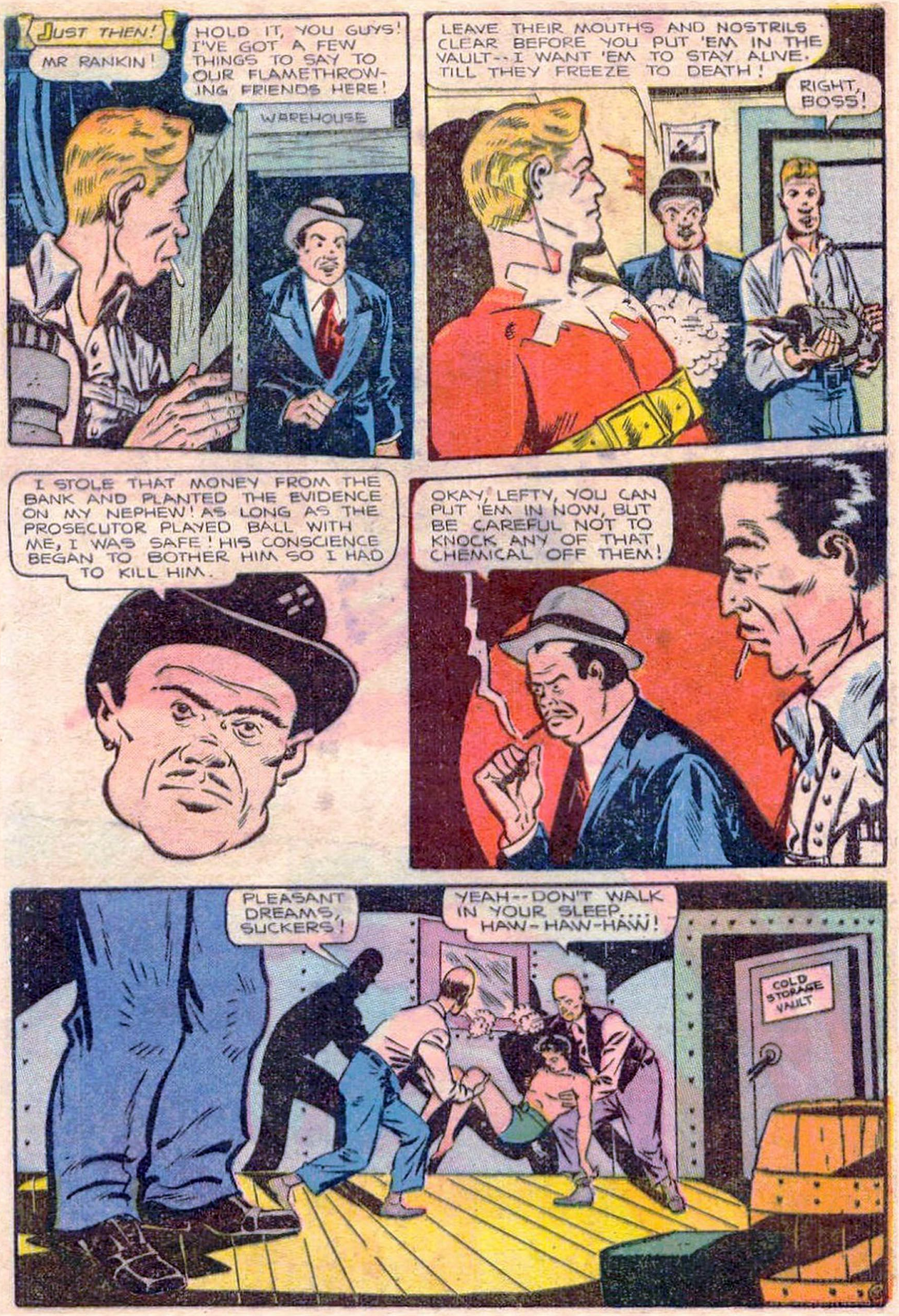
X-ACTO CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.,
Dept. 1002 440 - 4th Avenue,
New York 16, N. Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund.
☐ I will pay postman $. . . . . . plus postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival.
☐ Enclosed find $ . . . . . in full payment. (No postage charge.)
X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82. . $3.50. ☐ Kit No. 83. $5.00. ☐ Kit No. 62. . $2.00 ☐ No. 1 (light) with one blade 50c ☐ No. 51 with 5 extra assorted blades. $1.00 ☐ No. 2 (heavy) with one blade 50c ☐ No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades $1.00. (No C.O.D.'s on orders under $2.00.)

NAME (Please Print Plainly) . . . .

STREET. . . . .

CITY & ZONE. . . . . STATE. . . . . .
NOTE: If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds.


JUST THEN!
MR RANKIN!
HOLD IT, YOU GUYS! I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO SAY TO OUR FLAMETHROWING FRIENDS HERE!
WAREHOUSE
LEAVE THEIR MOUTHS AND NOSTRILS CLEAR BEFORE YOU PUT 'EM IN THE VAULT-- I WANT 'EM TO STAY ALIVE TILL THEY FREEZE TO DEATH!
RIGHT, BOSS!
I STOLE THAT MONEY FROM THE BANK AND PLANTED THE EVIDENCE ON MY NEPHEW! AS LONG AS THE PROSECUTOR PLAYED BALL WITH ME, I WAS SAFE! HIS CONSCIENCE BEGAN TO BOTHER HIM SO I HAD TO KILL HIM.
OKAY, LEFTY, YOU CAN PUT 'EM IN NOW, BUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO KNOCK ANY OF THAT CHEMICAL OFF THEM!
PLEASANT DREAMS, SUCKERS!
YEAH--DON'T WALK IN YOUR SLEEP.... HAW-HAW-HAW!
COLD STORAGE VAULT